DAWN AND THE DONS

Tirey L. Ford.

MAR PACIFICO
Pta de Pinos
2da Cruz
Laguna Salina
PUERTO
Pta de Cabrill
Roble de Viscain
Presidio y Pueblo de Monte Rey
San Ca
de Mo
Capilla Real
Pta Ciprés
Monte cerrado de Pinos
Pta de Pescaderos
Prima Cruz
M. San Carlos B
del R
Pta de Lobos

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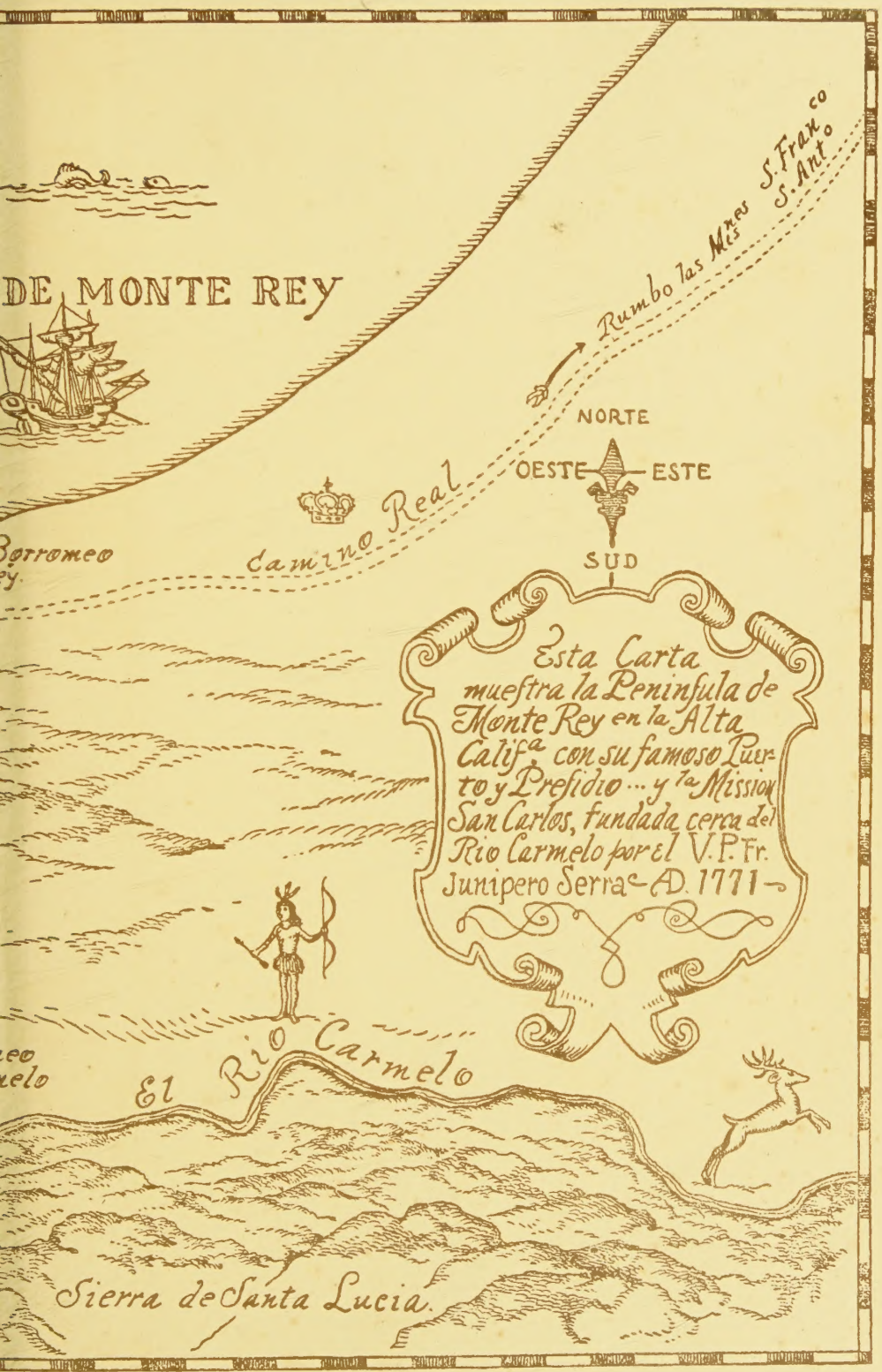

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Dawn and the Dons

The Romance of Monterey.

By

Tirey L. Ford.

With Vignettes and Sketches
by
Jo Mora

A. M. Robertson
San Francisco
MCMXXVI

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PLYMOUTH ROCK MUST EVER SHARE WITH JAMESTOWN HISTORIC PRIMACY IN THE SETTLEMENT AND COLONIZATION OF OUR ATLANTIC SEABOARD. ON THE PACIFIC, MONTEREY, ANTEDATING BOTH PLYMOUTH ROCK AND JAMESTOWN, WAS THE SUPREME AND UNRIVALED CIVILIZING CENTER FOR ALL THAT VAST COAST LINE THAT STRETCHES A THOUSAND MILES FROM SAN DIEGO TO PUGET SOUND.

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FOREWORD

A few years ago I lived for a time at the Hotel Del Monte, during which period I became intimately familiar with the Monterey Peninsula. Its beauty and its charm caught me. The delightful days revealed a climatic excellence of which I had often heard, but concerning which I had hitherto reserved some doubt. I became a frequent visitor to this circle of enchantment and came to have a genuine love for it.

I knew in a general way something of its romantic history—enough to make me want to know more. I began reading about it; and as I read my interest grew. I talked about it with those who, like myself, had been caught by its magic lure.

I frequently discussed its unique history with Mr. Samuel F. B. Morse, himself a profound student of history and whose love for the Monterey Peninsula had led him to select it for his permanent home.

He it was who persuaded me to undertake a thorough and painstaking study of this playground of California,

and under his encouragement and with his aid I have essayed to record its history.

I am indebted to Miss Emma A. Wilson of the State Teachers College at Chico, California, for valuable help. Miss Wilson generously placed at my disposal the result of her elaborate research into California history; and her many suggestions have been of inestimable value.

I am also greatly indebted to Mr. Perry Newberry, the well known writer of Carmel, upon whose knowledge of literary craftsmanship I have been permitted to draw in the preparation of the manuscript for the printer.

The illustrations of Jo Mora need no encomium from me. Their artistic excellence is supplemented by a faithfulness of detail that gives to them a real historic value. Mr. Mora has placed me under a deep and lasting obligation which I cannot hope to repay but which I gratefully acknowledge.

I believe I have read everything of any historic value that has been written about California—all of which was intensely interesting reading—and I have diligently sought every available source of information from which dependable data could be obtained. I believe I have gathered every essential fact connected with the history of California.

For two and half centuries following the discovery of the Harbor of Monterey by Vizcaino in 1602, the history of California centered about the Monterey Peninsula, whence radiated all the activities of that time—social, religious and industrial.

During this long period of Spanish and Mexican rule the history of the Monterey Peninsula was the history of California. With American occupation in 1846 and the discovery of gold in 1848, the center of historic significance shifted to San Francisco, but the romantic days of Spanish chivalry moved on in happy sequence at Monterey, and the joyous spirit of that elder time still finds its full expression on the Monterey Peninsula.

The gathering of the material and the writing of the story have been for me a labor of infinite delight. I can only hope that the reader may find in reading it some portion of the pleasure I have found in writing it.

TIREY L. FORD.

San Francisco, 1926.

DAWN AND THE DONS

THE ROMANCE OF MONTEREY

CHAPTER I

HOW IT ALL STARTED

THE lure of gold and the lust of empire; these were the impelling motives that sent three small ships across the Atlantic to seek out India's wealth, and to add her rich domain to the Spanish crown. Christopher Columbus wanted gold and glory. Spain wanted expansion of empire and added world power. The fulfillment of these desires was committed to the hazard of a daring voyage over an unknown sea.

In this age of worldwide geographic knowledge, with innumerable modern ships sailing the seven seas along well-charted paths, it is difficult mentally to picture the extraordinary conditions under which that memorable voyage was made in 1492.

A small, flat world, and a central sea; that was the popular geographic belief that accompanied the rise and fall of nations down through the centuries to the end of the mighty civilizations of Greece and Rome.

The Mediterranean and its neighboring lands; that

was the world at the dawn of the fifteenth century. Outside these narrow limits, all was surmise, conjecture and speculation.

By 1492, however, the belief had become fairly general, at least among the learned men, that the world was round; but it was still universally believed that the world stood still, and that the heavens revolved about the earth. Copernicus had not yet advanced his heliocentric theory.

Word had also reached this little Mediterranean world of a distant land called India, where great riches awaited those who might adventure thither. The wonderful stories of this eastern country related by Marco Polo, the great explorer of his time, gained rapid currency, and finally got into book form through the then newly invented printing press.

Polo had penetrated the lands lying eastward of Europe, and had been royally entertained by the great Kublai Khan; had traversed Asia, and encountered what appeared to be a vast ocean—in reality the Pacific Ocean—that looked toward the east; had sailed on this ocean southward along the eastern coast of Asia, and into the Indian Ocean; and had finally reached Persia, whence he returned by land to his native city of Venice. His explorations occupied some twenty-four years, and covered lands hitherto unknown to Europe, which came to be designated by the general name of India.

Polo pictured in glowing terms the fabulous wealth of the Far East. One of his stories, typical of the rest,

was of an island containing six hundred thousand families, so rich that the palaces of its nobles were covered with plates of gold. In such fashion ran the marvelous stories of Marco Polo, and these tales, in an age of credulity, created a profound impression; so strong, indeed, that it came to be believed that Polo had rediscovered the Tharshish of the Scriptures, that land of gold and spices that had enriched the Tyrian merchants, and of which it was said in Kings, chapter ten, "And all King Solomon's drinking vessels were of gold, and all the vessels of the House of the Forest of Lebanon were of pure gold; none were of silver; it was nothing accounted of in the days of Solomon. For the King had at sea a navy of Tharshish with the navy of Hiram; once in three years came the navy of Tharshish, bringing gold and silver, ivory, and apes and peacocks. So King Solomon exceeded all the kings of the earth for riches and wisdom."

A desire to reach this land, and to share in its mighty stores of easily acquired wealth became general. But getting there presented a problem that baffled the industrial enterprise of that day. A ship could not sail eastward from the Mediterranean, for there was then no Suez Canal to connect with the Red Sea. Caravans were commercially impracticable by reason of the long and perilous journey through intervening deserts, across mountain ranges, and among hostile peoples. To sail south was, in the then popular belief, to court certain death under torrid suns among death-dealing vapors.

Besides, a Cape of Good Hope had no place in the geographic imaginings of that time.

The "Wealth of Ind" seemed far off, and beyond the reach of those whose cupidity had been so thoroughly aroused by the remarkable stories of Marco Polo.

Then Christopher Columbus, a college bred Genoese, who had been deeply stirred by the stories of Marco Polo, and who was filled with the spirit of adventure, evolved a great idea. He believed the world to be round, but thought it was much smaller than it is. He also thought the world stood motionless; but that didn't matter so much. A round world was all that was necessary to his plan. He had studied with painstaking care the account given by Marco Polo of his journey to and from the Far East. It is known that Columbus possessed a printed copy of the Latin version of Polo's book made by Pipino, and that on more than seventy pages of this book, there were notes in the handwriting of Columbus.

Columbus was a great cosmographer and an experienced navigator. He believed the world was round, and that the ocean Polo saw, looking eastward from India, was the Atlantic. It never occurred to him that there might be an entire continent, as yet undiscovered, lying between the westward coast of Europe and the eastern

edge of Asia, to make a barrier between them. By sailing westward across the Atlantic, he would arrive at India; that was his great idea; and its only defect was that he underestimated the size of this ball of the earth, and could not know all that its surface held of lands and seas. He had a marvelous conception, far in advance of his time, and if it did not, as he expected, establish a direct sea route, and insure successful commerce with the rich wonderland of the Far East, it did far greater things to further civilization.

But at the time, Columbus was probably inspired more by desire for wealth and position than by any urge to advance civilization. He became thoroughly convinced that his idea was reasonable and feasible, and he set at work to find the financial backing needed for his adventurous plans, a difficult job, for the monied men of that day were no swifter in loosening purse-strings for visionary schemes than they are now. He had many a rebuff, many a derisive laugh at his wild plan of high finance. At last he succeeded in persuading the King and Queen of Spain to supply the needed funds in return for Spanish dominion over any lands he might discover. Nor did Columbus overlook his own ambitions. It was agreed

that he should have a tenth of all the riches he should collect or seize, and that he should be made viceroy and admiral over the unexplored realm; these high offices to be transmitted by inheritance to his descendants.

With this royal contract signed, sealed and delivered, Columbus sailed from Palos, on the southern coast of Spain, on Friday, August 3, 1492. Note the day—Friday. He had three ships, really little more than sailboats, the Santa Maria of a hundred tons being the largest. This Columbus commanded, with fifty-two men under him. Then came the Pinta, a fifty-ton boat, with eighteen men under Martin Pinzon, and yet smaller, only forty tons, the Nina, commanded by Vincente Yanez, with a crew of eighteen.

Westward these small craft sailed to circle the globe, cross the Atlantic, and find India; a daring and adventurous voyage based on these wonderful stories of Marco Polo, and the cosmographic theories of Columbus. And strangely enough, Columbus found land just as he expected he would, almost to a day of the time he reckoned, on October 12, 1492; and there wasn't the slightest doubt

in his mind but that it was the very land he was looking for. It wasn't—not by one vast continent and one mighty ocean.

San Salvador he named this island—and he knew very shortly that it was an island. In full pomp, with banners flying, he took possession in the name of their majesties of Castile and Leon. And that day, October 12, 1492, was also a Friday.

That his discovery was an island made no difference to Columbus. It was, he felt sure, part of India, and the mainland would be found further on. He never knew that he had made the greater discovery of a new and separate continent, richer and more wonderful than all the then-known world, and he died in the full belief that he had established his claims, and found a direct sea route westward to India.

Again came a Friday—January 4, 1493—and Columbus set sail for Palos to take the news of his success to his royal masters of Spain, and he landed at Palos on Friday, March 15, 1493. The outward voyage had taken seventy-one days; the return voyage exactly the same length of time. On Friday it began; on a Friday he reached the new world; he began his return voyage on a Friday; and landed in Spain on a Friday. An unlucky day? Not for Christopher Columbus.

This island of San Salvador, with the group of which it was a part, came to be called the West Indies; the idea being that they bordered and screened the eastern coast of India, but had been found by sailing "West." Spain

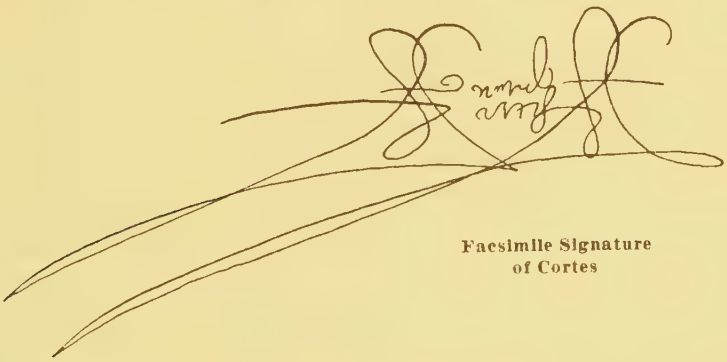
promptly took possession of these islands, and her navigators pushed on westward to find the mainland. They soon encountered land, but the land they encountered, as it developed, was not India. It did prove to be of considerable extent, and was inhabitated by people who had developed a primitive civilization, had an organized form of government with established courts and administrative offices, and had a ruler they called "Montezuma." In brief, these Spanish navigators, on their way to India, had stumbled upon Mexico and her ancient Aztec civilization.

This appeared to be quite a find, and the Spanish authorities concluded to appropriate it en route. To this end, Diego Velazquez, Spanish governor of Cuba, sent Hernando Cortes, a brilliant and dashing young Spaniard, with some six or seven hundred trained soldiers, to take possession of this newly and accidentally discovered country. Velazquez, for some reason, sought to recall Cortes, but the order found Cortes already at sea, and with adventure beckoning, and with loyal soldiers at his command, he concluded to ignore the order of recall. With his little army, he landed on the Mexican coast

on March 4, 1519, and presented a strange sight to the eyes of the astonished natives—boats, the like of which they had never seen; a new and wonderful animal, bearing strangely equipped soldiers; huge weapons that belched forth fire and smoke, and pale-faced men whom the natives looked upon as visiting gods; all conspired to fill these primitive people with consternation and alarm.

The invaders had several cannon and a number of horses. The natives, of course, had never seen a cannon, and it is a noteworthy historical fact that the horses Cortes had with him were the first on the North American continent.

Cortes soon discovered that Montezuma ruled over a vast empire, that his riches were immense, and that his power was absolute. This discovery only added to the zeal of the invaders. Cortes was an extraordinary man. Courageous and resourceful, he combined military skill with artful intrigue, and—when deemed helpful—un-



Facsimile Signature of Cortes

hesitating cruelty. All these he employed, and with such success that, on July 7, 1520, a final military victory made him master of Mexico.

Cortes spent some time looking over this remarkable land which he had conquered, but he never forgot that the main purpose of Spain was to find a western waterway to India. The discovery of Mexico, together with other coastwise explorations, had dispelled the idea that the island group discovered by Columbus was a mere screening archipelago, beyond and near which lay India; but there remained a universal belief that through these western lands there was an open waterway that would provide a direct all-water route to the land of riches so glowingly described by Marco Polo. This supposed waterway came to be known as the Strait of Anian, and in the language of Professor Chapman of the Department of History of the University of California, "The story of the search for the Strait of Anian is one of the most fascinating tales in the annals of the New World."

At about this time—in 1520, to be exact—Magellan, in search of this strait, made his famous voyage down the east coast of South America, sailed through the strait that bears his name, and found a great ocean between the land Columbus discovered and the land he thought

he had discovered. Magellan sailed on across the Pacific, and reached the Philippine Islands, which he claimed for his sovereign, and which after a brief contention with Portugal, became a part of the Spanish Empire.

In his explorations in Mexico, Cortes crossed over to the west coast, and there inaugurated several expeditions to search for the Strait of Anian. He found no strait, but he found Lower California, which he thought was an island, and which he named California. This was in 1535. The name, California, he took from a romance written in about 1498 by a Spanish writer named Ordoñez de Montalvo, wherein the story is told of an island of great riches called California, "lying to the right hand as you sail toward the Indies," and ruled by black Amazons whose queen was called Califia. In the then current belief as to the location of India, the mythical island of the Spanish romance seemed geographically to coincide with the supposed island discovered by Cortes. Hence the seeming aptness of the name California.

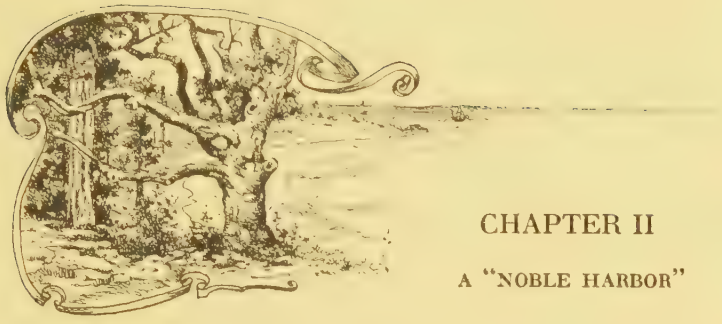
Cortes returned to Spain in 1540. Though he had added an empire to the Spanish dominions, he had failed to find the elusive waterway to India. But that search went on. In 1542, Antonio Mendoza, the first Viceroy of Mexico, sent Juan Rodriguez Cabrillo on an expedition up the west coast of the supposed island of California in search of the strait which everybody believed to exist, but which nobody seemed able to find.

Cabrillo, with two small boats, poorly built and badly outfitted, the anchors and iron work of which had been

carried by men from the Gulf of Mexico to the Pacific, sailed northward along the coast. They stopped at several points, and on November 6, 1542, sighted Point Pinos at Monterey Bay, but did not land. They went on as far north as what is now called Fort Ross, in Sonoma County, and on their return trip, again passed Point Pinos on November 18, 1542. Cabrillo found no strait, but he found California; and this was only fifty years after Columbus first sighted the New World.

In the light of present day knowledge, how strange, and yet how interesting appears the plain historic fact that the discovery of Mexico, with its untold and even now but partially developed wealth, and the discovery of California, the land of riches, beauty and romance, were merely incidental to adventures undertaken for the discovery of a direct water route westward from Europe to India.

Spanish Coins of the Period



CHAPTER II

A "NOBLE HARBOR"

UNDER a spreading oak, on the crescent shore of an uncharted sea, eighteen years before the Pilgrims landed at Plymouth Rock, Church and State united in a solemn ceremony that added a rich and distant land to the Spanish Empire. The brilliant rays of a December sun were reflected by the waters of a newly discovered harbor, bordered by the flora of an eternal spring. Back of this harbor, interspersed with green meadows and picturesque canyons, lay undulating hills, crowned with towering pine and sturdy oak, embellished with a rare and beautiful cypress, and ornamented with ever blossoming flowers. It was the Harbor of Monterey. It was Sebastian Vizcaino who unfurled Spain's banners, and Father Ascension said mass. The day was December 16, 1602.

Spain had for some time felt the need of a frontier guard for her Pacific possessions. Cortes had invaded the land of the ancient Aztecs, and had presented the rich and broad domain of Mexico to his sovereigns of Leon and Castile. Magellan had sailed across the Pacific

and had added the Philippine Islands to the Spanish Dominions. Cabrillo, in a vain search for the Strait of Anian, had discovered and given Spain the far flung shore line of California. These were Spain's Pacific jewels, to guard which she desired to advance her frontier northward along the Californian coast to a point where Spanish settlement and occupation would afford some measure of protection against the movements of rival nations.

The need for just such protection had become abundantly apparent. Sir Francis Drake, with at least the tacit consent of his British sovereign, sailed across the Atlantic, through the Straits of Magellan, and into the Pacific in 1579. Drake's ship, the Golden Hind, was most sumptuously and luxuriantly fitted out and supplied, and Drake himself, clad in gorgeous dress, assumed a lordly air. This was largely to impress the people he should encounter.

Drake's purposes were two-fold; to prey upon Spanish commerce, and to lay the foundation for British territorial expansion. After plundering Spanish towns and ships, and filling his own ship with accumulated treasure, he sailed northward along the Californian coast,

and on June 17, 1579, landed at what is now known as Drake's Bay, some twenty-six miles north of San Francisco Bay. Here he tarried thirty-six days, and on foot, explored much of the adjacent country.

He made friends with the natives, called the country he visited Nova Albion—New England—and set up a monument claiming it for Queen Elizabeth. He sailed from Drake's Bay on July 23, 1579, and on the following day stopped at the Farallone Islands, leaving after a day's stay, without discovering, or even suspecting, the presence of San Francisco Bay. Then he sailed for home, through the Straits of Malacca, and around the Cape of Good Hope, reaching England September 26, 1580.

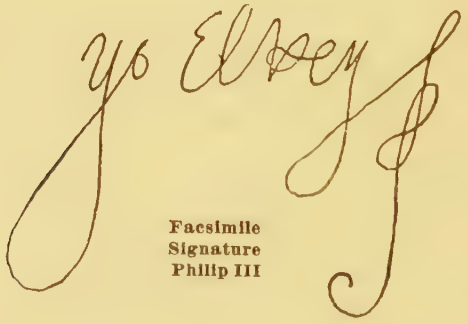
Drake's representations to the Queen were such that Elizabeth determined to add his Nova Albion to her territorial possessions, and to that end, a royal document was drawn up in her name, conferring the governorship of this newly discovered country upon Drake, allowing him a tenth of the profits from commodities taken thence to England, and reserving to herself a fifth of all gold and silver found in this New England.

Again the lure of gold, and the lust of Empire.

There were other contributing causes to Spanish awakening, such as Dutch and French gestures toward the Pacific. But Spain was especially aroused by Drake's buccaneerings, and by England's contemplated colonization of California. England's designs had leaked out in London, and had been transmitted to Madrid by the Spanish representatives at the English Court. Because

of political complications in Europe, and impending war with Spain, Queen Elizabeth abandoned these plans, for a time, but this was not immediately known at Madrid, and after much discussion and delay, Philip III, then King of Spain, issued in 1599 an imperative order that the coast of California should be explored, and a suitable point found for a settlement and colonization.

Another consideration moving Spain was a desire for a harbor of refuge on the Californian coast for her Manila galleons. Once each year, a lone galleon made its way across the Pacific from Mexico to the Philippines, to return rich laden with the products of those tropical isles and the nearby lands of the Orient. Spain very much desired to foster and encourage this infant child of commerce as an aid in uniting and developing her distant possessions on the Pacific, or South Sea, as it was then called. The better mentally to picture the situation, it must be remembered that in those days, aside from the lone, annual galleon, and at rare intervals, some ad-



Facsimile
Signature
Philip III

venturous piratical craft, the great ocean never bore a sail.

These galleons, on their homeward journey from the Philippines, because of prevailing winds and the ocean current now known as the Japan current, sailed somewhat northerly from the Philippines and reached the American coast far north of their Mexican port, sometimes as far as our present Cape Mendocino, which is some distance above San Francisco Bay. The Spanish authorities wanted to find a safe and suitable harbor of refuge for these galleons in this northern latitude.

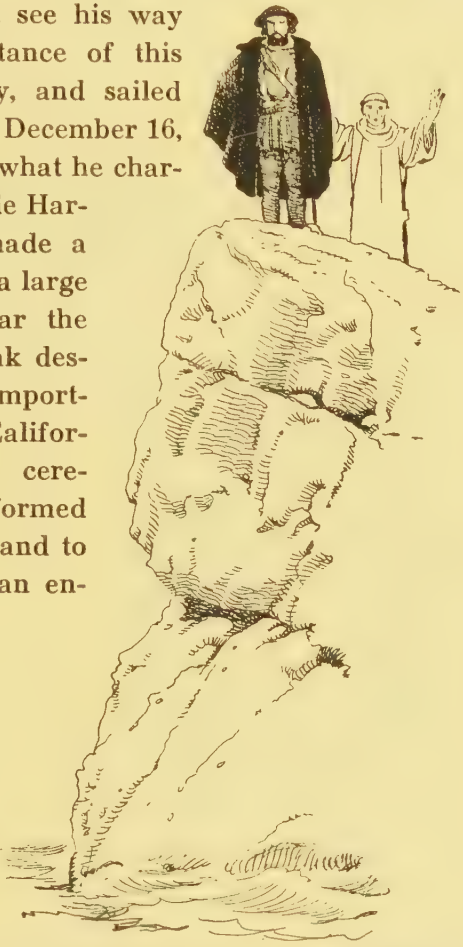
Still another, and by no means minor, consideration that moved Spain to renewed California activity was her desire to find the elusive Strait of Anian. Spain knew of England's energetic search for a northwest passage across the American continent, and feared the Pacific rivalry that might ensue from its discovery. Hence her desire to anticipate such a discovery by herself finding a

direct waterway across America to her Pacific possessions.

Moved by these combined considerations, and acting under an imperial order from Spain, the Viceroy of Mexico fitted out an expedition to sail up the California coast in search of the Strait of Anian, to find a harbor of refuge for returning galleons, and to search out a point suitable for settlement and colonization. This expedition consisted of two hundred picked men under the command of Sebastian Vizcaino, a man of rather superior native ability, who had risen in a few years from a humble pearl fisher to a bold and successful navigator. With him were associated several Carmelite friars, the leader of whom was Father Antonio de la Ascension, for in those days in all Spanish undertakings, Church and State went hand in hand. The adventurers sailed from Acapulco, on the west coast of Mexico, May 6, 1602, in two small sailboats, and two smaller adjunct boats, and made their way slowly up the coast, stopping at intervals to inspect the shore. On these occasions they met many natives, whose astonishment and curiosity were aroused by these strange, white visitors and their odd craft.

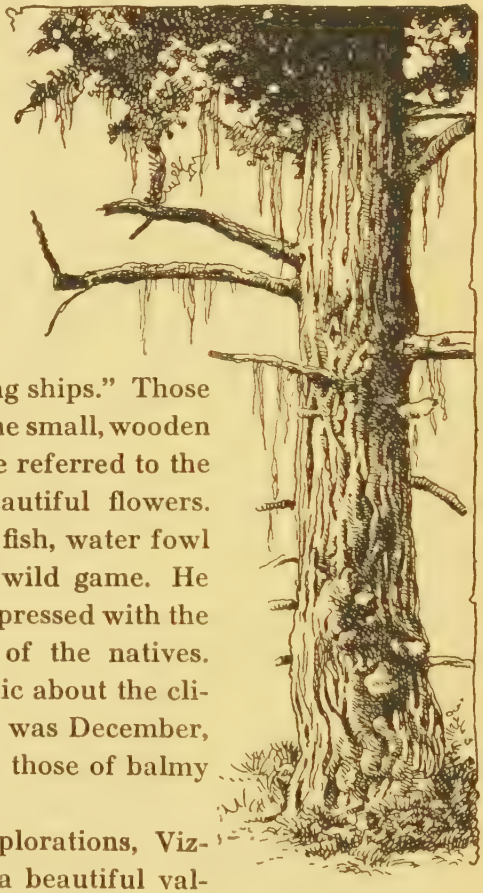
They met with no hostile demonstrations, however, and while passing through what is now known as the Santa Barbara Channel, encountered a tribe of Indians that appeared to desire friendly relations. An old Indian chief came out from shore in a primitive sort of boat, and tried to persuade Vizcaino and his men to visit his village. As a great and final inducement, the old chief

said he would give each of the men ten women. Vizcaino, however, could not see his way clear to the acceptance of this generous hospitality, and sailed northward until, on December 16, 1602, he discovered what he characterized as a "Noble Harbor.' Here they made a landing, and under a large oak that stood near the water's edge—an oak destined to play an important part in later Californian history—the ceremonies were performed that gave the new land to Spain, and placed an enduring name on the harbor and its bordering country. To honor the Viceroy of Mexico, the Count of Monterey, Sebastian Vizcaino called his "Noble Harbor" Monterey.



Vizcaino spent nearly three weeks exploring the region round about, and he became highly enthusiastic over his newly discovered harbor and its beautiful background.

He found that his "Noble Harbor" was on the northern side of a peninsula that projected seaward several miles, and whose delightful climate, scenic beauty, fertile soil, and rich verdure he described in glowing terms in his report to the Viceroy of Mexico.



He referred to the "infinite number of very large pines, straight and smooth, fit for masts and spars," and to "oaks of a prodigious size, proper for building ships." Those were the days of the small, wooden sailing vessels. He referred to the abundance of beautiful flowers. He spoke of shell fish, water fowl and a variety of wild game. He seemed greatly impressed with the friendly attitude of the natives. He was enthusiastic about the climate. The month was December, but the days were those of balmy spring.

In his local explorations, Vizcaino discovered a beautiful val-

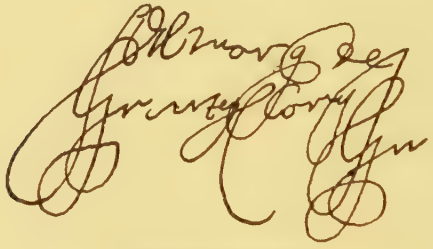
ley some five miles distant from the harbor where his ships lay anchored, through whose verdant and flower-bedecked meadows ran a stream that poured its clear waters into the Pacific, on the southern side of the peninsula. He named this stream Rio Carmelo—Carmel River—in honor of the Carmelite friars who had accompanied him, which name it still retains, and near which, in the beautiful Carmel Valley, the great Serra later established the Mission that became his headquarters—where he now sleeps.

Facsimile Signature Count of Monterey

Vizcaino sailed back to Mexico elated with his success. He made an elaborate official report to the Viceroy of Mexico, in which he dwelt with much detail upon the maritime advantages of the newly discovered harbor and the resources of the adjacent country. In the meantime, however, the Count of Monterey had been succeeded as Viceroy by the Marquis de Montesclaros, and it was to the latter that Vizcaino made his elaborate and enthusiastic report.

Now it happened that the new Viceroy had some plans of his own by which he expected personally to profit, and which were not in harmony with the Monterey project. Montesclaros forwarded Vizcaino's report to Madrid, where it created a favorable and a profound impression, but exercising his power as Viceroy, and justifying his course by plausible representations to his home government, he proceeded to carry out his own selfish plans. This he was able the more easily to accomplish because of political and war clouds that were then hanging over Europe, to which the Spanish government was giving grave and earnest attention.

Thus Monterey went to sleep, to be awakened a century and a half later by the imperial pronunciamentos of Gaspar de Portola, and the pious prayers of Junipero Serra.



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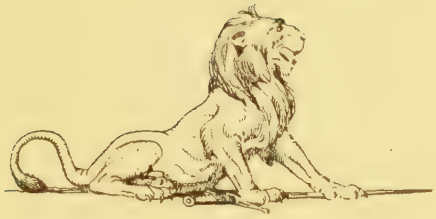
Marquis de Montesclaros



CHAPTER III

SPAIN AWAKENS

FOR a century and a half Spain slept, while California lay exposed to the covetous eyes of other nations. The fatalist might well be persuaded that some unseen power was preserving California to Spain, and preparing the way for a great American Commonwealth.

Rival nations were looking longingly toward the Pacific; England had laid definite plans for a colony in New Albion; France and Holland had serious designs on the western coast of North America; and Russia was effecting a firm foothold in Alaska. All this time Spain, though fully aware of the importance of protection through frontier advancement, procrastinated. At the beginning of this period, Philip III occupied the throne, and Montesclaros was Mexico's Viceroy—an idle and pleasure-loving king, and a selfish and designing Viceroy.

Then came a succession of Philips and Charleses, who

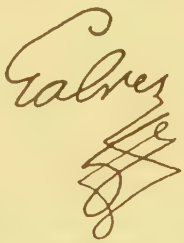
proceeded to muddle internal affairs, and lead the Spanish empire into disastrous foreign wars. Happily for Spain, as well as for California's ultimate destiny, European complications, including wars and threatened wars, compelled such absorbing attention from all nations that territorial expansion on the Pacific was, for a time, thrust into the background. But it was not forgotten. Plans were developing that only waited an opportune time for execution.

Spain knew this, and in justice to her it should be said that she was making frequent gestures toward warding off threatened rivalry on the Pacific. But they were only gestures. From Madrid, where Vizcaino's report had made such a profound impression, there came many royal decrees; but because of the impoverished condition of the Spanish treasury, these were mainly intended to encourage private enterprise in seeking Vizcaino's "Noble Harbor," and colonizing the adjacent lands. Indeed, many private enterprises were organized and licensed, but they never got beyond pearl fishing and other nearby coast activities, and it became more and more apparent that timely frontier advancement would not be effected by private enterprise. While with each passing year, the threatened rivalry on the Pacific was assuming a more serious aspect.

Finally came a combination of circumstances that gave birth to action. In 1759, Charles II became King of Spain. He was a benevolent despot, who strove earnestly to advance the power of his country, and to promote the

welfare of his people; and he measurably succeeded in doing both. Under his rule, Spain regained much of her old-time governmental efficiency. In 1765, Jose de Galvez, a far-seeing statesman of unusual ability, was sent to Mexico as Visitador-General—Inspector General —with large powers. In 1766, the Marques Francisco de Croix was made Viceroy of Mexico. He was an able man of high character, and he and Galvez labored in perfect harmony.

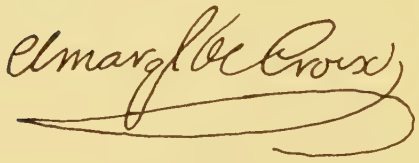
The long deferred, but always expected, activities of rival nations directed toward the Pacific had already begun to take on tangible form, and as a consequence, Madrid awakened, and Galvez and Croix became energetically active. Especially and immediately feared were England and Russia, and the remedy prescribed by Galvez and Croix was the rediscovery of the Harbor of Monterey, and the prompt establishment there of a Spanish colony.



Facsimile Signature Jose de Galvez

It was just at this time that the Missions in Lower California passed out of the hands of the Jesuits and were placed in charge of the Franciscans, at whose head was a priest of unusual character and extraordinary qualities named Junipero Serra. He had been chosen for leadership because of his known peculiar fitness for the work needed in this new field. He was appointed without being asked whether he would accept, and without an

opportunity on his part to refuse. He was drafted, but he proved to be a willing, able and zealous leader of his spiritual band.



Facsimile Signature
Marquis de Croix

To Croix, Galvez and Serra, California owes a debt of everlasting gratitude. It is not too much to say that these three men saved California to Spain and Mexico and made possible her later entry into our great union of states. In his "California Under Spain and Mexico," Irving Berdine Richman says:

"But it was the expedition to Monterey—his own conception—that claimed the heart of Galvez. It claimed also the heart of Croix; and straightway it was known, the heart of Junipero Serra. An unusual group, one unusual even in Spain, were the three men, Jose de Galvez, Visitador; Francisco de Croix, Viceroy, and Junipero Serra, President of the California Missions: Galvez, honest, masterful and bluff; Croix, honest, discerning and diplomatic; Serra, a seraphic spirit, a later Salvitierra, a New World Francis of Assisi; post-mediæval, yet not belated for his task; beholder of visions, believer in miracles, merciless wielder of the penitential scourge; yet through simple purity of heart, possessed of courage not unequal to labor the most arduous, and of a wisdom not unequal to situations the most perplexing. When, therefore, two from the group—Galvez and Serra—met

under the sanction of the third—Croix—as they did at Santa Ana, in Lower California, on October 31, 1768, to confer regarding the exact means and course for reaching Monterey, activity was assured."

The expedition as finally organized, was to make the journey in two stages; first to San Diego, where a part of the men would be left to establish a relay station and Mission, while the rest of the expedition took up the second stage, to Monterey. To San Diego, the expedition was to comprise four parties, two by land and two by sea, all starting from Lower California. The command of the entire expedition was given to Don Gaspar de Portola, then Governor of Lower California.

The hardships and dangers attending this exploit are difficult of appreciation. In the day of Galvez and Croix and Portola and Serra, water transportation was by hand-propelled craft, or by sailing vessels of small tonnage. At the disposal of Portola were two sailboats, the San Carlos and San Antonio, of scarcely two hundred tons burden each. In these, it was necessary to convey from the Mexican mainland across the Gulf of California to the southern end of Lower California, all the men, supplies and equipment needed for the Monterey expedition. And a voyage across the gulf was then a matter of weeks, often of months, over water frequently harassed by dangerous storms.

Lower California is an arid and largely barren land. The Missions established there were compelled to draw upon Mexico for additions to the meager supplies locally

produced. Says Richman, "The Jesuits, barring a few exuberant spirits, had never been enamored of California—meaning Lower California. In 1686, they had refused outright to attempt its conquest. In 1697, they had recalled their refusal with hesitation. Later, under Albuquerque, Salvatierra even had offered to give up the conquest. So solitary, amid rocks and thorns was Mission life on the Peninsula, and withal so fruitless, that it bred melancholy. Communication with Europe required two and even three years, and with Mexico, many months."

Such was the distant and inhospitable land where gathered the expeditionary forces that were to carry the Mexican frontier to Vizcaino's northerly port of Monterey. The San Carlos, after a rough voyage from Mexico, badly beaten by storms, limped into the harbor of La Paz, near the southern end of the peninsula, in December, 1768. Here, because of her battered condition, it was found necessary to unload and careen her that repairs might be made. This careening, under such primitive conditions, furnishes an index to the diminutive size

of these cockle-shell boats. The San Antonio, after a prolonged voyage, yet in somewhat better condition than the San Carlos, arrived at San Lucas, at the extreme point of the peninsula, on January 25, 1769.

Then began in earnest the final preparations for this northern voyage, and the organization and equipment of the two land parties. Besides the usual provisions and supplies, some of which were requisitioned from the local Missions, there were stowed in the boats church ornaments and vestments, agricultural tools, seeds and several mission bells.

The San Carlos was commanded by Captain Vicente Vila, of the Royal Navy, with a mate and a crew of twenty-three sailors and two boys. The San Carlos also carried Lieutenant Pedro Fages—later one of California's ablest Spanish governors—and twenty-five Catalan soldiers; Surgeon Pedro Prat, of the Royal Navy; Miguel Costanso, a distinguished engineer, and destined to become more distinguished, and a Fran-

ciscan priest, Hernando Parron, who acted as chaplain. The San Antonio was commanded by Juan Perez, a former master of the Manila galleon, with a mate and a crew of twenty-eight men, and with Chaplain Juan Vizcaino and the priest, Francisco Gomez. No record has been found of the exact number aboard the San Antonio.

The first land expedition, under command of Rivera y Moncada, accompanied by Father Crespi, an intimate friend of Serra, and like him a native of the island of Majorca, and guided by Cosmographer Jose Canizares, consisted of twenty-five cuirassed men from the garrison of Loreto—soldiers who wore cuirrasses of heavy leather as armor against attacks by arrows or spears; referred to by Father Serra, in a letter to Palou, as "leather-jacketed soldiers"—forty-two Christianized Indians, and three muleteers, with one hundred eighty-eight mules. The second land expedition, commanded by Governor Portola and accompanied by Father Serra, consisted of ten cuirrassed soldiers under Sergeant Jose Francisco Ortega—later the actual discoverer of San Francisco Bay—forty-four Indians, four muleteers with one hundred seventy mules, and two servants to attend Portola and Serra.

Galvez, whose heart was set upon the success of the Monterey expedition, had crossed the Gulf in a third boat, and had labored unceasingly in the preparation, organization and equipment of the several divisions of this historic expedition. His preliminary work com-

pleted, he still tarried on the peninsula until the last division had begun its northward journey. Then, with anxious longing, he returned to Mexico to await the outcome of an enterprise which he felt was fraught with deep significance to Spain's Pacific dominions.

CHAPTER IV

BEGINNING THE LONG AND WEARY SEARCH

IT is hardly possible to conceive the hardships and difficulties of sea-going in that day. A modern steamer could now make the trip from San Lucas to San Diego in less than three days, with health, comfort and convenience for both passengers and crew. Inside the time that it took the San Antonio to voyage to San Diego, the ship of today would make a leisurely trip from San Francisco to the Orient, and return. And it could circumnavigate the globe in the time that the San Carlos battered its way along California's coastline to anchor at last in San Diego harbor.

For the San Carlos had difficulties from its start at La Paz. Finally, on January 15, 1769, it stood out to sea

from San Lucas, at the end of the Peninsula, only to be beaten back by contrary winds and opposing currents. For four days it struggled and maneuvered, while the Visitador Galvez, from a high hill near the water's edge, watched with keen anxiety. Favoring winds caught the sails of the baffled ship on its fifth day, and she sailed serenely out of his sight.

The San Antonio did not get under way until February 15 of the same year, yet of the four expeditions, two by land, two by sea, it was the first to arrive at San Diego; fifty-five days en route, it came to anchor on April 11, 1769. No severe storms had been encountered, she had been able to keep fairly close to shore, but scurvy, the dread maritime scourge of that day, had attacked the boat's officers and crew. Except for the friars, Juan Vizcaino and Francisco Gomez, all of the expedition were sick or disabled.

Next to arrive was the San Carlos. She had had a tempestuous, a prolonged and a circuitous voyage. She arrived on April 29, 1769, having occupied one hundred and ten days in sailing from San Lucas to San Diego. She had been driven far out to sea, and far north of her intended destination. Because of storms, she twice took to the open sea, finally sighting land in the Santa Barbara Channel, a little south of Point Conception. Thence she followed the coast south to San Diego. Scurvy had taken a terrible toll on the San Carlos. Everybody on board was sick, and all but two of the crew had died. In fact, both boats, when they reached San Diego, were sub-

stantially without men physically able to perform their duties.

The first land division, under Rivera, worked its way slowly up the peninsula from Mission to Mission until it reached Velicata, the northermost Mission, several hundred miles above San Lucas. Here was found some limited pasturage for the animals, and from here on March 24, 1769, the final plunge was made into an unknown land, with San Diego as the objective. The second land division, under Portola, pursued much the same course, and on May 15, 1769, made their final start from Velicata.

Rivera's land division was the first into San Diego, on May 14, 1769, having occupied fifty-one days on the march, with the Portola-Serra division arriving June 28, 1769, making the journey from Velicata in forty-four days. The distance traveled by these land parties was more than four hundred miles, mostly through regions hitherto unexplored. There was some danger and much hardship, and several Indians died on the

way. But on the whole, the members of the land parties arrived in San Diego in reasonably good health and spirits.

The four divisions were all now at the agreed rendezvous, but the situation confronting Portola was both unexpected and perplexing. Scurvy had demoralized the expedition and destroyed the possibility of carrying on as planned. The responsibility was Portola's, and being unable to communicate with either Galvez or Croix, he must himself determine the course to be pursued.

Under the plans formulated by Galvez, both the San Carlos and the San Antonio were to proceed from San Diego with men, tools, seed, church vestments and supplies, and find and occupy the harbor of Monterey. But this was not possible now, and the alternative was presented of abandoning the enterprise or approaching Monterey by land. Portola determined upon the latter course. It was thereupon decided that the San Carlos should remain at San Diego, that the San Antonio should return to Mexico for fresh crews and additional supplies, and that a force under Portola should undertake the land journey to Monterey.

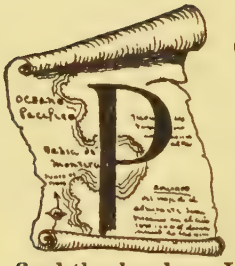
Accordingly, with a scant crew of eight, all the men available, Perez set sail for Mexico on July 9, 1769, and five days later, on the fourteenth, Portola began his northward land journey with a reorganized force. The expedition now included Portola in command; Rivera, who had been commander of the first land division from Velicata; Fages, captain of the Catalans; Crespi, one of

Serra's trusted assistants; Gomez, another Franciscan friar; Constanso, cosmographer and engineer; Ortega, the stout sergeant who afterward discovered San Francisco Bay; twenty-seven cuirrassiers, eight volunteer Catalan soldiers, fifteen Christianized Indians, seven muleteers and two body servants; sixty-six persons in all, together with horse and mule droves.

Father Serra remained at San Diego. With him were Vila, commander of the San Carlos; the Franciscans, Vizcaino and Parron; Camizares, a cosmographer; the surgeon, Prat; a blacksmith, a carpenter, and some fifty or more soldiers and sailors in various stages of illness.

CHAPTER V

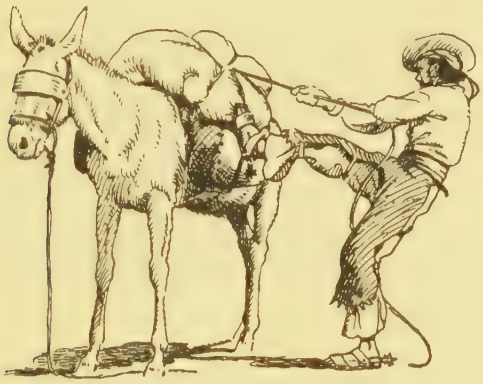
AN ELUSIVE HARBOR



PORTOLA'S instructions were to find the Harbor of Monterey, and there establish a Mission and a Presidio and found a colony. Like a good soldier, he desired to carry out his instructions, and his initial task was, of course, to find the harbor. Information concerning its location was rather meagre, save that he knew it was on the California coast, and was supposed to be at about 37 degrees North Latitude. Costanso, the engineer of the party, had two books upon which was placed the main reliance for means of identifying Vizcaino's "Noble Harbor." One was an account of Vizcaino's voyage of a century and a half previous, written by one Venegas, and based on a prior account written by Torquemada; and the other

was a manual of navigation by Cabrero Bueno, a celebrated galleon pilot.

But Portola was making his approach by land, and not by sea, and the only information these books contained that was of much value to the land party was the supposed latitude of the harbor, and Vizcaino's description of it as filtered through Venegas and Torquemada.



Portola's party got away from San Diego on July 14, 1769, and Constanso, who kept a diary, gives us the order of march, and the daily routine. "At the head of the party went Portola with most of the officers, the eight men of the Catalonian volunteers, and some friendly Indians with spades, mattocks, crowbars, axes and other pioneering implements, to chop open a passage whenever necessary. Then came the pack-train in four divisions, each with muleteers and escort of soldiers. The rear

was closed by the remainder of the troops under Rivera y Moncada, who convoyed the horse drove and the mule drove for relays. By the necessity of regulating marches with reference to watering places, camp was pitched early each afternoon, so that the land might be explored one day for the next; and at four days intervals, more or less general fatigue, or the recovery of animals stampeded by a coyote or the wind, compelled a halt more protracted."

For seventy-eight days, Portola and his fellow adventurers laboriously made their way through a country never before trodden by a white man's foot, with mountain barriers and other natural obstacles, and watched by native tribes not always friendly. Indeed, shortly after Portola left San Diego, that camp was attacked by Indians of the Yuma tribe, and in the ensuing fight, two

Yumas and one Spaniard were killed, and Vizcaino, the Franciscan, was wounded by an arrow that pierced his hand.

As Portola proceeded further north, the Indians were found to be less hostile, and more easily brought into friendly relations. The route traversed by this party, as carefully worked out by Zoeth S. Eldridge, and confirmed by later historians, was as follows: "By the seashore past San Clemente and Catalina islands, to the site of the present city of Los Angeles; thence through the

San Fernando valley to the headwaters of the Santa Clara river; thence by the river valley to the sea again; thence past Points Conception and Sal to the extremity of the Santa Barbara Channel; thence inland to the site of the Mission of San Luis Obispo; thence through the Cañada de los Osos to the sea at Morro Bay, and up the coast till progress was barred by the Sierra de Santa Lucia at Mount Mars. The Sierra crossed, the route lay by the Salinas river valley to the sea." The latter point was reached September 30, 1769.

The Salinas river, it should be noted, empties at a

point on the crescent shore of Monterey Bay between Monterey and Santa Cruz, nearly twenty miles distant from where Vizcaino had landed. There were here, of course, none of the landmarks described in Vizcaino's log, or in his official report. Clearly then, this was not the port that Portola had been directed to find, though the latitude was reckoned by Constanso to be near that recorded by Vizcaino.

So they went on slowly and watchfully northward, following the coastline, and on November first, a scouting party under Sergeant Ortega, came upon San Francisco Bay. Several historians, including Charles E. Chapman, who is unusually accurate, believe that Ortega, on that day, looked across the Golden Gate. What he saw proved to be an extensive body of water, but Portola was not interested. He was looking for the port of Monterey, and this clearly was not it. It does seem strange that Portola should have paid so little attention to this natural harbor, which was destined to become the greatest seaport on the Pacific coast of the western hemisphere. The truth is—and this partly explains Portola's apathy—that the entire party were footsore and weary, both Portola and Rivera had fallen ill, many of his men were sick with scurvy, and provisions were running low. And Portola's mind was on the object of his search.

Such was the condition of affairs when they turned back and made their way again to the mouth of the Salinas river; and then followed a series of happenings that seemed to indicate bewilderment in the minds of

Portola and his fellow explorers. They made their way to Carmel Bay, on the south side of the Monterey peninsula, opposite Monterey harbor, and not five miles from where Vizcaino had landed; but by some peculiar twist of fate, they did not see Monterey harbor. Here they lingered for a few days, during which time, according to a written statement of Portola which has been preserved, they "were all under hallucinations," and had begun to suffer from "keen hunger, which was wearing us out."

This statement, prepared by Portola in September, 1773, was evidently intended to explain his failure to find the harbor which lay between the mouth of the Salinas river and Carmel Bay, and near which he passed.

Worn, sick and hungry, and having failed to find the harbor whose existence Portola had begun to doubt, the adventurers concluded to return to San Diego; but before starting, they erected two large crosses, one on Carmel Bay and one near Point Pinos, not far from the very harbor they were seeking. Cut into the wood of each cross were the words, "Dig; at the foot you will find a writing," and there was buried a bottle containing a message for the commander of the San Antonio, or other vessel that might be sent to Monterey with supplies, who might be expected to sight these crosses and investigate. Among other requests was one that the vessel sail down the coast, near to land, in an effort to succor Portola's party.

On December 11, 1769, the forlorn and dispirited company began its return march to San Diego. Portola,

in his statement referred to, tells how they added to their commissary en route by occasionally killing and dressing a mule, which in their state of hunger, was eaten with unabashed relish.

They arrived at San Diego on January 24, 1770, where they found a situation far from encouraging. There had been much sickness, mostly scurvy, a number of deaths, and to add to the discouragement, the food supplies were running low. Then followed a season of discussion and doubt, when the fate of Monterey hung in the balance. Portola, though a good soldier and a brave man, was not particularly enthusiastic toward further efforts to find Vizcaino's "Noble Harbor." His inclination was rather to return to Lower California, and there resume his duties as Governor. Serra, who had remained at San Diego, stoutly opposed this course, and strongly urged another attempt to find the port of Monterey.

Having just concluded an unsuccessful search, with six months of hardship, peril and danger fresh in mind, Portola gave expression to doubt of the existence of any such port, and Crespi, who had been of the party, was inclined to agree with him. But Serra was still full of faith and an ardent desire to participate in a second attempt to find the lost port. Advice of Galvez and Croix could not, of course, be sought, for communication with the City of Mexico would, in that day, have consumed several months, and an immediate decision was imperative.

Finally, after taking an inventory of supplies, Portola

agreed to postpone departure to Lower California until March 20. If, in the meantime, the San Antonio should arrive with supplies, another search would be made for the missing port. Otherwise the effort would be abandoned, and the entire exeditionary force would return to Lower California.

The San Antonio, it will be remembered, had been sent back from San Diego for fresh crews and more supplies. Now, it happened that the vessel was held in her home port, and the San Jose was dispatched to San Diego with supplies. Later, the San Antonio put to sea with instructions to sail directly to the Port of Monterey, with supplies for the Portola party. The San Jose was never heard of after her departure, and undoubtedly was lost at sea.

The scene at San Diego on Portola's last day of grace is thus described by Richman: "All day on March 19—St. Joseph's own day—the Father President and his coadjutors prayerfully strained their eyes seaward for a sail. One appeared toward evening, but vanished with the fall of night. It nevertheless brought hope. Portola deferred his departure, and five days later, the San Antonio, under Perez, sailed into port."

An extraordinary thing had happened, of which the fatalist may make further note. The San Antonio, when seen off San Diego on March 19, was, in obedience to orders, sailing direct for the port of Monterey, without stopping at San Diego. Near Point Conception, Perez landed to take on water. While thus engaged, the natives,

mostly by sign language, gave him to understand that a party of white men had passed there going north, and later, had again passed going south. This information was rather perplexing to Perez, for it might mean that the Portola party had returned to San Diego, which, as we know, was what had happened. But Perez was not entirely certain as to the information the natives were trying to give him, and furthermore, his orders were explicit to sail direct for Monterey. He therefore concluded to conform to his sailing instructions, and was just getting under way when he lost an anchor. Feeling that an anchor would be a vital necessity at Monterey, he turned back to San Diego to get one from the San Carlos. Thus to a lost anchor was due the second expedition to Monterey Bay, which resulted in California's retention by Spain and her preservation for our United States.

CHAPTER VI

DISCOVERY OF A LOST HARBOR

THE arrival of the San Antonio with supplies wrought a marvelous change at San Diego. Despair vanished, and hope revived. Sadness gave way to joy, and the air was filled with a new-born optimism.

Father Serra gave thanks to Almighty God, and began the needed preparations for the momentous journey upon which his heart and mind had been so long and so strongly set. Portola, with his accustomed energy and ability, promptly reorganized his forces, and again set his face toward the north.

It was arranged that Serra, Constanso and Prat should go with Perez on the San Antonio, and that Crespi and Fages should again make the journey by land with Portola. And so the revived and reorganized expeditionary forces were gotten under way. The San Antonio sailed out of San Diego harbor on April 16, 1770, and

Portola began his march the following day, taking substantially the same route as that over which he had twice traveled, and with whose landmarks he had become familiar.

The land party reached Monterey Bay on May 24, thus completing their five hundred mile march in thirty-seven days, slightly less than half the seventy-eight days consumed in the initial march over the same route. Guided by a kindlier fate, they discovered the identifying marks set down by Vizcaino, including the celebrated oak, under which Father Ascension had said Mass, and under whose spreading branches Vizcaino had proclaimed the occupancy of Spain a hundred and fifty years before.

A rather interesting incident occurred shortly after the arrival of the land party. It will be remembered that

on the occasion of his first visit, Portola had erected two large crosses, one on Carmel Bay and one near Point Pinos. These were easily found, and concerning the second one, near Point Pinos, Father Crespi, on the day of their arrival, made the following entry in his daily journal:

"After traveling about three leagues, we arrived at one o'clock at the little salt water lake near Point Pinos, toward the northeast, where in the first journey the second cross had been set up. Before making camp, the Governor, one of the soldiers and myself went on to the cross in order to find out if there was any sign by which we might know that those of the vessel had already arrived, but nothing of the sort was found. We found the cross surrounded on all sides by arrows, and little branches with many feathered crests, stuck up in the ground, which had been put there by the gentiles." By "gentiles," Father Crespi means the native Indians. "There was also a string of sardines, still somewhat fresh, hanging from a branch by the side of the cross; on another was a piece of meat, and at the foot of the cross there was a little pile of mussels."

This, of course, aroused great curiosity and much speculation, but no explanation was forthcoming until intelligent communication was established with the Indians. Then it was learned that the natives, having observed a red cross on the breast of each of the white visitors, and having seen this large cross, which appeared doubly large to them at night, believed it to be some

sacred sign or image, possessing supernatural powers. To propitiate it and gain its friendship, they had placed food beside it; but when they saw the food was left untasted, they made offerings of arrows and feathered crests as a sign of friendship and peace.

The San Antonio, under instructions, had gone on to what was reckoned to be the latitude of the great estuary or inland sea—San Francisco Bay—seen by the Portola party on its former trip. But the vessel did no more than reach the designated latitude when, without doing any exploring, and without even noting the entrance to the estuary, the Golden Gate, she turned back and arrived at the port of Monterey, which, it appears, was more easily found by sea than by land, on May 31, just a week after the arrival of Portola and his party.

Three days later, June 3, 1770, in the shadow of the Vizcaino oak, were enacted the solemn and stately ceremonies that re-established California as a part of Spain's New World Empire. This oak has an interesting history, the relation of which may warrant a brief pause in our story.

At each edge of the American continent an oak tree has become historically prominent. On the Atlantic the famed and revered Charter Oak gained renown when, in 1687, Connecticut's Royal Charter suddenly disappeared and escaped falling into the hands of the officers of King James. The tree was blown down during a storm on August 21, 1856, but a section of its trunk was preserved by the Connecticut Historical Society, and a

marble shaft, unveiled with due ceremony in 1907, now marks the spot where stood this celebrated tree.

On the Pacific Coast the historic Vizcaino Oak cradled an infant Spanish colony that grew into a great American commonwealth. Surviving three centuries of time, and rescued from the sea, where it had been cast by thoughtless hands, this silent actor in a mighty drama now stretches forth its leafless branches in the shadow of the old parish church at Monterey.

The story of the "Charter Oak" is one of the oft told tales of Colonial America and is known to every school boy in the land. The story of the Vizcaino Oak is not so well known.

Eighty-five years before the disappearance of Connecticut's Royal Charter, Sebastian Vizcaino made his famous voyage that resulted in the discovery of the Harbor of Monterey. As a part of the landing ceremony, Father Ascension said mass under a large oak tree that stood near the beach where they landed, and under the same tree Vizcaino, with due ceremony, unfurled the Spanish flag.

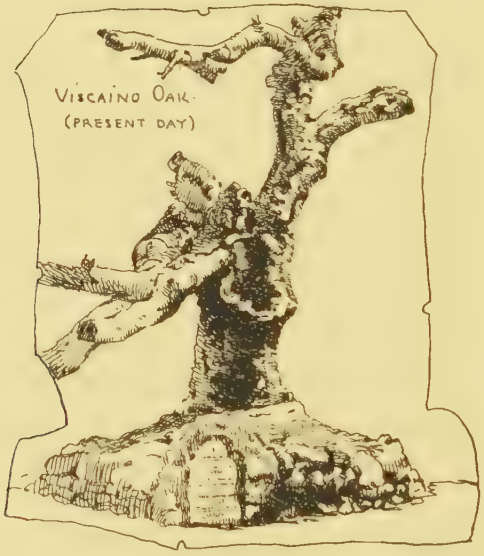
This tree was of unusual size, of striking appearance and easily identified. Father Ascension kept a rather full diary during this history making voyage, and in it he described this oak in detail, noting also its location. This diary came into the possession of Father Serra, and when Portola, after his first and fruitless expedition, returned to San Diego with the belief growing in his mind that there was no such harbor as Vizcaino had described,

Father Serra called Portola's attention to this oak tree as a certain and easily found landmark of Vizcaino's "noble harbor." On his second expedition Portola found the oak tree described in Father Ascension's diary, together with other landmarks described by Vizcaino.

Undisturbed, but watched with loving eyes and revered because of its historic association, the Vizcaino Oak grew and thrived until 1903, when as a result of some engineering and construction work, it became partially submerged. Father Raymond M. Mestres, a man of scholarly attainments, deeply interested in California history, had become the parish priest at Monterey in 1892, and at once became the watchful guardian of the Vizcaino Oak. He protested against its partial submergence, but was assured that no harm would result therefrom. The result, unfortunately, did not measure up to the assurance. The oak sickened and died.

Father Mestres continued tenderly and watchfully to guard the now leafless monarch, but one day in 1905 he was surprised and distressed to find that the historic oak had vanished. Upon inquiry he learned that some workmen who were preparing the ground for the erection of the Serra monument had found the tree in their way, and without knowledge of its sentimental and historic value, had uprooted it and, after considerable effort, had managed to get it into the bay. Father Mestres at once made inquiry among the fishermen whether any of them had seen the tree in the water. He was told that it had been seen floating a few miles from shore, where it was

being carried northward toward Santa Cruz by the then prevailing south wind. He engaged fishermen to go out in their boats and the tree was found some twelve miles out at sea and towed to shore. Assisted financially by Mr. Henry Green of Monterey, Father Mestres caused the tree to be erected on a prepared mound in the grounds of his church, the site of the original Mission established by Father Serra in 1770, where it is now, majestic even in death, with a marble tablet appropriately inscribed beside it.



Such is the story of the historic oak that witnessed the elaborate ceremonies conducted by Portola and Serra on

that June day in 1770. These ceremonies are described by Richman:

"On the beach, near Vizcaino's oak—a large oak under which mass had been said by Father Ascension, and under which Vizcaino had proclaimed Spanish sovereignty in 1602—there had been erected an altar, equipped with bells, and surmounted by an image of Our Lady. Before this altar, President Serra in alb and stole, representing the church, the assembled company chanted in unison, upon their knees, the beautiful Veni Creator Spiritus. The President then, amid din of exploding arms on land and sea, blessed a great cross and the royal standards of Castile and Leon. He next sprinkled with holy water the beach and adjoining fields, 'to put to flight all infernal enemies,' recited the mass and preached. With a salve to the image of Our Lady, and with the singing by the company of the Te Deum Laudamus, the religious ceremony was brought to a close. It was followed by a ceremony on the part of the state. Here, as representative, the Governor, Gaspar de Portola, officiated. In his presence, the royal standards were again unfurled, grass and stones were wrenched from the earth and scattered to the four winds, and the various proceedings of the day were made a matter of record."

Portola's first and most difficult task had been brought to a joyous and successful completion. Spain's Pacific frontier had been moved northward to a point from which her Pacific possessions could be more effectively

guarded against the menace of international rivals. There yet remained the important tasks of establishing a Presidio and a Mission, and the founding of a colony.

The Presidio problem presented no serious difficulty. Portola selected a site, named it the Presidio San Carlos, put his handful of soldiers in charge, and ordered the construction of suitable barracks. Father Serra selected a Mission site a short distance from the shoreline of the harbor, near the Presidio, where under his personal supervision, a small chapel was constructed, and also rooms and offices for the missionaries; all surrounded by a stockade. The Mission was given the official name of San Carlos Borromeo.

The founding of a colony presented many difficulties and necessitated the return to Mexico of Portola. He named Pedro Fages Military Governor of California, and left him some thirty soldiers to complete and occupy the Presidio. Serra, as President of the California Missions, was of course in charge of the Mission here.

With these preliminary matters arranged, Portola set sail on the San Antonio for Mexico, where Galvez and Croix were anxiously awaiting tidings of the great venture that lay so close to their hearts. It is a striking illustration of the advance made in the means of communication since Portola found the "Noble Harbor"—a little more than a century and a half ago—that Visitador Galvez and Viceroy Croix had no knowledge of events in California during eighteen months of waiting, nor until the San Antonio, with Portola and Constanso aboard,

arrived at San Blas on August 1, 1770, and Captain Perez and Constanso hastened to Mexico City, carrying Portola's reports and dispatches. They arrived on August 10, and great was the rejoicing in Mexico when the rediscovery and occupancy of the port of Monterey was announced. "It was heralded first by the bells of the great Cathedral, and then responsively by those of the churches. A solemn Mass in thanksgiving was attended by the government dignitaries, and on the sixteenth the news was spread throughout New Spain by an official proclamation."

It was the end of the long and anxious waiting of Galvez and Croix, and now was their day of rejoicing. Galvez was recovering from a protracted fever, but the glad tidings from Portola gave him new strength, and in company with Croix, he was given a great reception in the viceregal palace.

Neither Galvez nor Croix remained in Mexico to see the fruition of the combined plans of themselves and Serra. In the following year, 1771, both were recalled to Spain, where each received the reward of a grateful sovereign. Croix was made Viceroy and Captain-General of the Kingdom of Valencia, and Galvez was made Ministro Universal—General Minister—of the Indies. Of the great trio, Serra alone remained.

CHAPTER VII

JUNIPERO SERRA

THE oustanding figure of his time in California was Junipero Serra, President of the California Missions. Born November 24, 1713, in the village of Petra on the island of Majorca, one of the Balearic Isles, off the east coast of Spain, and baptized Miguel Jose, he took the name of Junipero upon entering the Franciscan Order. His selection of a name is an index to his nature. It was that of a lay brother, who was a disciple and associate of St. Francis at Assisi, and had become renowned for his devotion to the poor.

Father Serra early developed a deep religious fervor, and with the consent of his superiors, dedicated his life to missionary work. In 1749, at the age of thirty-six, with the spirit of a crusader highly developed, and with a considerable reputation for appealing eloquence, he went to New Spain. Twenty years later, at the age of

fifty-six, after several years at the Franciscan college of San Fernando at Mexico City, and a number of years at the Missions of northeastern Mexico, he was appointed President of the California Missions, and as such, joined Portola in the Monterey expedition.

In Serra was centered a rare combination of religious zeal of almost fanatical intensity, a gift of persuasive speech, high intellectual endowment, untiring and ceaseless energy, sound and practical judgment, and execu-

tive ability of a high order. Naturally kind and gentle in manner and speech, he was none the less bold and courageous in asserting and maintaining his missionary rights against secular encroachment.

To this man, thus endowed, fell the mighty task of bringing into obedient subjection a numerous native race, without the aftermath of hatred and revenge that usually flows from military conquest. The presence of soldiers in California was deemed essential, but the great civilizing influence exerted by Spain over the native population was through her missionaries. The Presidio stood guard, but its active aid was seldom invoked. Spain had learned the value of the spiritual appeal.

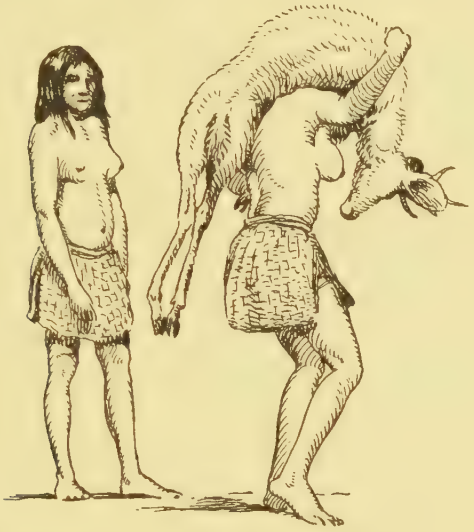
The Mission as a means of conquest and civilization was a plant of slow growth. It had its feeble and unorganized origin in the closing years of the sixteenth century, gradually developed in the Spanish provinces of America, with most rapid growth in Paraguay, and in 1769 had reached full flower, and was recognized and utilized as the most effective agency for the civilization of the natives of Spanish America, and for the winning of their good will. Two distinct motives actuated the movement, and combined to accelerate its development. The aim and purpose of the Catholic priesthood were to convert the native, and to save his soul; that of the governmental authorities, to civilize and control him. Thus the Presidio, while deemed an essential factor, became second in importance to the Mission.

EARLY DAYS AT
CARMEL MISSION.

The story of the Presidio at Monterey—California's principal military headquarters—like the "annals of the poor," is "short and simple." A handful of soldiers, with little to do, and taking their time about it. The Mission was the thing, and the one at Monterey was the headquarters and residence of Junipero Serra, and the seat of mission authority throughout California. Originally located near the Presidio, not far from the shore of Monterey harbor, Father Serra soon realized that its growth would need agricultural lands and water to irrigate them, and he made a careful survey of the adjacent country, finding on the southerly side of the peninsula, where the Carmel river winds through a beautiful valley, a place of fruitful soil and an ample supply of pure water. Here on rising ground above the river, not far from its mouth, and some five miles distant from Monterey, he located the permanent home of the Mission, and transferred activities there in December, 1771. The new Mission took the official name of "San Carlos Borromeo," though now popularly known as the Carmel Mission, and the old Mission at Monterey, which came to be called "The Royal Chapel," continued as a parish church, and so continues to this day.

This transfer effected, Serra was ready to begin his great work of transforming the indolent, untutored, barbarous native of California into an industrious, civilized and law-respecting Christian; and it was not a simple task. The California Indian had taken but a few feeble steps along the road that leads to civilization. Chap-

man's classification as respects civilization is Lower Savagery, Middle Savagery, Upper Savagery, Lower Barbarism, Upper Barbarism and Civilization; and he says that the California Indian "ranged from a state of Upper Savagery to that of Lower Barbarism."



They lived close to nature. Aside from the Santa Barbara Indians, who seem to have advanced to the point of thatched huts, they lived mainly in the open, in summer finding a sufficient shelter under a friendly tree, and in winter having a tepee made of poles banked with earth, with an opening at the top for the smoke to get out and the air to get in, and a slit at the side for entrance. In the matter of diet, they anticipated the modern cult of raw food dietitians. They did a little cooking

—but not much—and ate about everything that teeth could bite. The usual menu included such delectable dishes as acorns, ground into flour, and made into bread; seeds, roots, herbs, fish and grasshoppers. The latter were a delicacy, dried, mashed or roasted.

As to dress, in summer the men wore a loin cloth, or nothing—usually nothing—and in winter they had primitive garments rudely fashioned from the skins of animals. There was no such thing as a sense of shame. The women wore an apron or skirt, reaching from the waist to the knees, made usually of tule grass. They also made use of the skins of animals in winter. The tailoring business had no place in their industrial development, nor were dressmakers in demand. The women beautified themselves by tattooing their faces, necks and breasts, and the men were not wholly free from this bit of vanity. Ornaments of bone, wood and shell were worn by the women in ears, hair or around their necks or wrists.

There was very little work done, and this little was done by the women. War was considered the true occupation of the men, though they were rather poor warriors; not cowardly, but lacking any idea of organization or discipline. Their weapons were bows and arrows and clubs. They were poor hunters, too.

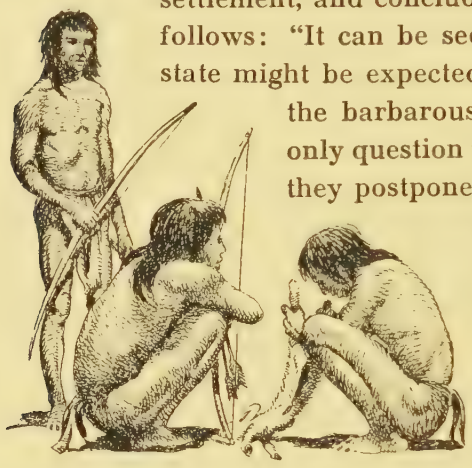
Their wars, as we are informed by the authentic and well written history of Monterey and San Benito Counties, published by J. M. Guin, were of the primitive kind, and of short duration. The women, who followed the warriors to battle, carrying food, baggage and babies, would

pick up the enemy's arrows, and hand them to their men to be shot back. The battles didn't last long, for the participants were constitutionally lazy, and soon tired of the exertion.

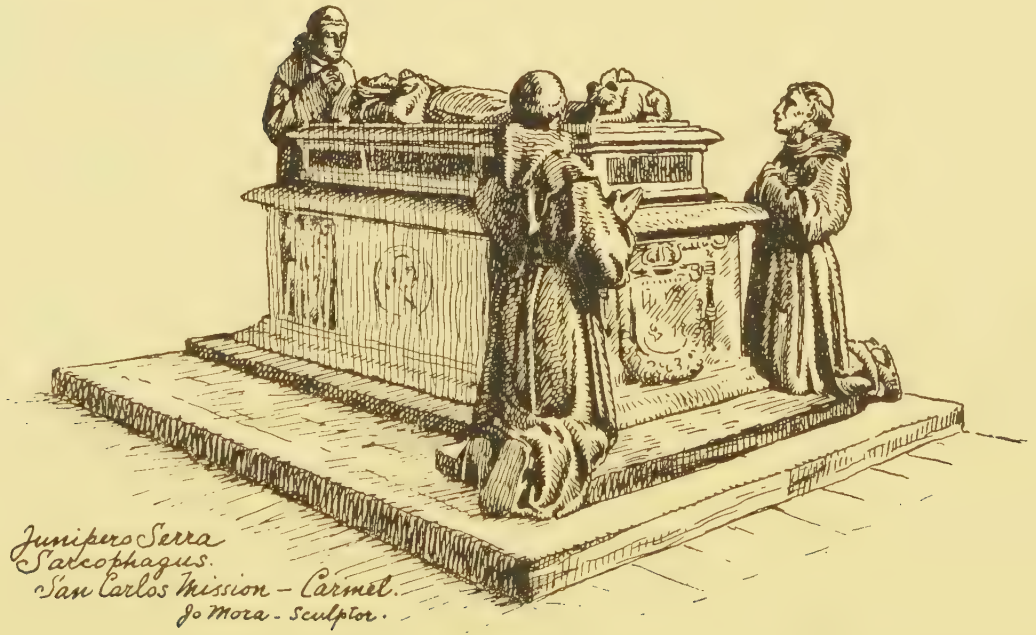
Marriage was a very simple matter, and divorce still simpler. A man and a woman agreed to live together—that was marriage. They quarreled, and concluded to live apart—that was divorce. Father Palou, who was intimately associated with the great work in California, in his "Life of Junipero Serra," written two years after Serra's death, says of the native Indians, "They have their marriages, but with no more ceremony than a mutual agreement which lasts until they quarrel or separate, taking up again with another man or another woman, the children usually following their mother. . . . They do not pay any attention to relationship in marriage, but rather the tendency is to take to wife all the sisters of the first wife, and even the mother-in-law; and so it is the common thing to be understood that when a man takes a woman, he has all her sisters, too, so they live in polygamy, having many wives without there appearing to be any sign of jealousy among them. As a rule, the children of the younger sisters, who may be second or third wives, are looked upon with just as much affection as one's own, and all live together in one house. . . . We have had occasion to baptize in this Mission three children born all of them within two months of one another, sons of the same pagan man, and

of three sisters who were his wives. Besides this, he had to wife his mother-in-law."

In his history of California, Chapman refers to the patent, if not always strenuously manifested hostility of the California Indians during the crucial years of early settlement, and concludes his comments as follows: "It can be seen that no civilized state might be expected to develop among the barbarous Californians. The only question was, how long could they postpone the inevitable conquest of the land by a capable people? They had the advantage of distance from civilized lands, intervening geographical difficulties, and considerable numbers among themselves. Yet they did not delay white settlement and conquest for a single day, once the white men had overcome the obstacles of nature. This is, indeed, an evidence of their insufficiency, but it was also far more than civilization had a right to expect. That the Spaniards were so successful in coping with them is more a tribute to the Spaniards than conclusive proof of utter Indian incapacity."



Such were the people, and such were the conditions that confronted Junipero Serra. Nothing short of a


Junipero Serra
Sarcophagus.
San Carlos Mission – Carmel.
Jo Mora - Sculptor.

combination of great ability, an indomitable will, religious zeal, ceaseless vigilance and untiring industry could have wrought the remarkable results achieved by this extraordinary man. A striking picture of Serra is that by Chapman, who after referring to the Serra of poetry and romance, adds: "The real Serra was, indeed, a remarkable man. Already at an advanced age when he came to Alta California, he nevertheless possessed the traits which were most needed in the pioneer. He was an enthusiastic, battling, almost quarrelsome, fearless, keen-witted, fervidly devout, unselfish, single-handed missionary. He subordinated everything and himself most of all, to the demands of his evangelical task as he understood it. Withal, his administration as Father-President was so sound, and his grasp of the needs of the province so clear that he was able to exercise a greater authority than would ordinarily have been permitted. Though he fought with local Governors, he won the confidence of Bucareli, who preferred his judgment to that of either Fages or Rivera."

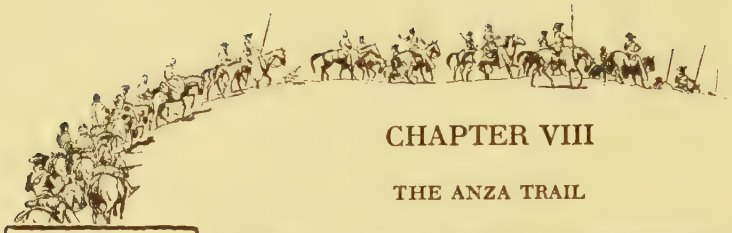
Serra died in 1784, at the age of seventy-one, and was buried in the sanctuary of the Mission Chapel at Carmel. One hundred and forty years later, in 1924, a notable celebration was held at Monterey called "The Serra Pilgrimage." There was much of pageantry, and old time ceremonials, concluding with a pilgrimage from Monterey over the intervening hills to the old Mission, where was unveiled a lasting tribute in bronze to the founder of California's civilization.

This work of art, done by Jo Mora, one of America's leading sculptors, takes the form of a sarcophagus supporting the recumbent figure of Serra, at whose head stands Father Crespi, who accompanied Portola to Monterey, and assisted in the founding of Carmel Mission; and at whose feet kneel Father Lasuen, Serra's successor, and Father Lopez, a younger priest at the Mission. These four, and only these four of the Mission Padres are buried at this holy shrine.

"Serra's month and the fields he trod!
Priest and man, knight errant of God!
His was the blood that faces the guns;
His the quest of the younger sons;
But the wealth he sought is found by few,
For the souls of men was the lure he knew.

"His is the path where he stood as guide,
Where the Mission rose from the Carmel's side—
A path whose ending is set afar,
Beyond the journeys of world and star;
For an unseen city beckoned him,
Whose gate was held by the seraphim."

—*George Sterling.*



CHAPTER VIII

THE ANZA TRAIL

WITH Mission and Presidio established, attention was turned to colonization, the necessity for which was imperative if California was to be held against rival encroachment. But the difficulties of colonization proved not only great, but for a time, seemingly insurmountable.

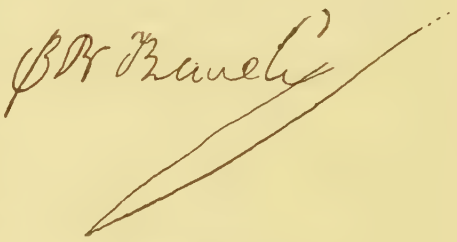
Colonization meant men and women; it meant live stock, particularly horses, cattle and sheep; it meant agricultural implements, rude though they were in that day; it meant seed for the production of food; in brief, it meant all those things that make for permanence in the settlement of a new land.

Now the only immediately available means by which these essentials could be transported to Monterey, the seat of the new colony, were sailboats of such limited tonnage, so few in number, and of such uncertainty because of scurvy, storms and sailing time consumed, that reliance upon them was speedily seen to be entirely out of the question. As Chapman expressed it, "The ships were too small and frail, and the perils of the sea too great for families of colonists or herds of domestic animals to be sent out in them."

The suggested plan of marching overland from the southern end of Lower California—the most accessible point by boat from the mainland of Mexico—was not feasible. Father Serra, when informed of the plan, pointed out that the supply trains necessary would require so many mules and muleteers that it would be impossible for the accompanying families of colonists and their domestic animals to find food and water along the arid and desolate route in the weary months of march before reaching San Diego. Moreover, there remained the problem of getting these mule trains, muleteers, colonists, live stock and supplies from Mexico to Lower California by boat, the same sea problem already described. Again quoting Chapman, "The short voyage across the stormy gulf to Baja California was only slightly less difficult. Writing in August, 1771, Father Verger said that five boats had already been lost that year in attempting to reach the peninsula. A sixth left San Blas on February second, and did not reach Loreto until August twenty-third, having meanwhile been blown nearly to Panama." That same year the San Antonio required sixty-eight days to get as far as San Diego, by which time practically the entire crew was down with scurvy.

So slow was the progress of colonization that in 1773, three years after the establishment of the Mission and Presidio of Monterey, the total white population of California, mainly centered at Monterey, was less than a hundred, and the total of domestic animals of all kinds

—cattle, sheep, goats, horses and mules—scarcely more than six hundred.



Facsimile Signature of Antonio Bucareli

Dependence upon a sea route clearly meant failure, and no one saw this more plainly, or felt more concern about it, than did Father Serra, though the situation also gave the authorities in Mexico much concern; Antonio Bucareli, the ablest Viceroy Mexico ever had, considered the possibility of finding an overland route from Sonora, Mexico's northern frontier, to Monterey. This solution of the colonization problem was also being advanced by another remarkable man, Juan Bautista de Anza, an army captain in command of the frontier military post at Tubac, in northern Sonora, now in southeastern Arizona.

Anza was a rare combination of adventurer, soldier and executive. In the flush of vigorous manhood, a native of Mexico, a frontiersman, an Indian fighter whose father and grandfather were Indian fighters before him, a trained soldier, and gifted with executive ability and the power of handling men, the lure of adventurous exploration had for him a strong appeal. With a knowledge of the difficulties of sea transportation, he had suggested to Bucareli that an effort be made to establish an overland route from northern Sonora to Monterey.

While matters were in this situation, Father Serra made a trip to Mexico City, where Bucareli sought his advice respecting the suggested Sonora route, and Serra promptly endorsed its undertaking. At Bucareli's request, he made a lengthy written report in which he made it clear that California's salvation lay in an all-land route over which colonists could travel, and domestic animals be driven.

Serra's report confirmed Bucareli's determination to attempt the finding of such a route. There was government red tape to unwind, but Bucareli's masterful hand greatly hastened the unwinding, and the result was an order to Captain Anza to organize and equip an exploration party, and lead it from Tubac to Monterey; a welcome command to Anza, who had long been seeking this very privilege. He lost no time in getting together a small band of explorers, equipped to penetrate an unknown country, and blaze a trail to Spain's new Pacific frontier, composed of thirty-four men, of whom two were padres from Queretaro, Francisco Garces and Juan Diaz, twenty were volunteer soldiers from his own post-command, a soldier who had been in Alta California, an Indian guide named Tarabal, a Pima interpreter, five muleteers, two servants for himself, and a carpenter. Their equipment and supplies consisted in part of one hundred forty saddle and pack animals, thirty-five packloads of provisions and supplies, and sixty-five head of cattle, driven along for food on the way.

Anza's instructions were to find his way to Monterey,

then return immediately to Tubac. The sole purpose of the expedition was to discover and mark a trail over which colonists and live stock could reach the new northern frontier. The party left Tubac on January 8, 1774. Marching southward and westward, Anza passed near the present town of Nogales, at what is now the boundary between Arizona and Mexico, and on into what is now Mexican territory. Turning then westward and somewhat northward, he soon reached Caborca, the last frontier Spanish settlement. Here Anza procured some additional supplies, and on January 22, began his march through lands inhabited only by Indian tribes. Northward and westward these adventurers made their way to the junction of the Gila and Colorado rivers. Hardships they had in plenty, grave perils were encountered and overcome, and the hostility of Indian tribes was tactfully averted, but the Colorado was reached without serious mishap.

Anza crossed the Colorado and descended its right bank for several leagues to Santa Olaya Lake, near the edge of the great waste of sand dunes known as the Colorado desert. "Here," in the language of Herbert Eugene Bolton, "began the real test of Anza's mettle." An arid and waterless waste lay ahead. An ocean of billowly sand confronted the leader of these searchers for a trail to Monterey. As Richman puts it, speaking of these sand dunes, "Unstable as sea-billows, albeit often as gracefully curled, they harbor for the traveler bewilderment and death."

Anza's initial attempt to cross this trackless waste completely failed. Leaving Lake Santa Olaya on February 15, 1774, with local guides, the men soon found bewilderment, but happily, not death. Both men and animals were overcome by fatigue, and the local guides deserted, yet still they wandered on. Garces, who had done some exploring near this region three years before, and the Indian Tarabal, who had previously made his way from Alta California to Sonora, undertook to guide the party, but the bewilderment continued. To quote Bolton again, "Both Garces and Tarabal were now completely lost in the sea of sand dunes; the animals were played out; part of the horses had been made ill by eating a noxious herb; there was no near prospect of either water or pasturage; in short, there was nothing for Anza to do but to retreat to Santa Olaya. Even this was most difficult, and before it was accomplished several horses

and mules had died. But after seventy-five miles of wandering, at the cost of six days, Santa Olaya was again reached."

Here Anza, after a careful survey of the situation, changed both his plans and his organization. He left some of his men and part of his baggage with Palma, a Yuma chief who was friendly to the Spaniards, and took with him the rest of the men, the strongest of the horses, the ten best mules, and provisions for a month. With this reduced and selected organization, he left Santa Olaya on March 2, 1774, and taking a more southerly course, succeeded after much hardship and toil in reaching good springs and pasturage near the foot of the Sierra Nevadas. Six days later he reached a pass in the mountains in what is now Riverside county, California, and from which, like Moses of old, Anza and his fellow adventurers looked down upon the promised land. And it looked good to them. This pass is now marked by a bronze tablet, placed there by the Land Marks Committee of the Order of Native Sons of the Golden West.

The Anza expedition arrived at San Gabriel Mission, near the present city of Los Angeles, on March 22, 1774, and was received with great rejoicing, much ringing of bells, and due religious ceremonies. After a stay of eighteen days, Anza proceeded by the Portola trail to Monterey, where his arrival caused much rejoicing, more ringing of bells, much feasting, and religious ceremonials appropriate to the occasion.

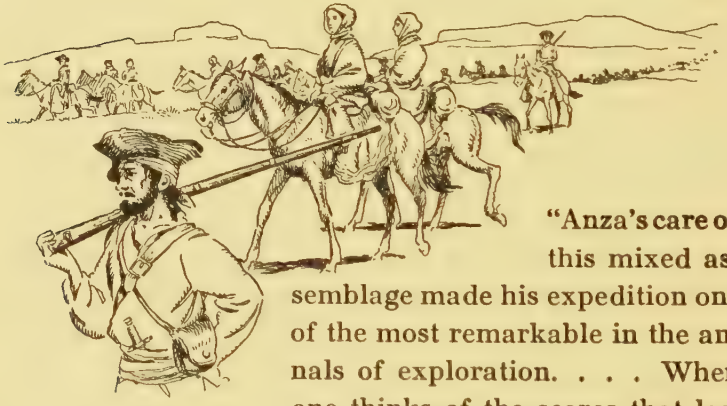
On April 22, 1774, Anza began his return trip, and

arrived at Tubac on May 27, having occupied a few days more than four and a half months in making the round trip. With as little delay as possible, he proceeded to Mexico City and reported the results of his explorations to the Viceroy. He told Bucareli that so far as natural obstacles were concerned, colonists and live stock could be taken overland from Sonora to Monterey. There would, of course, be hardships and difficulties, but these could be met and overcome provided the Yuma Indians remained friendly. But if this numerous tribe, through whose country the route lay, should become hostile nothing short of heavy detachments of soldiers could insure safety.

The Yumas were then friendly, and Bucareli determined to inaugurate the overland movement of his colonizing forces. During November and December, 1774, plans were formulated by Bucareli and Anza for a second expedition on a large scale, with colonists and live stock. Anza was placed in command, and as finally organized, his expeditionary company consisted of himself, Fathers Font, Garces and Eixarch, Purveyor Mariano Vidal, Lieutenant Jose Joaquin Moraga, Sergeant Juan Pablo Guijalvo, eighteen veteran soldiers, twenty recruits, twenty-nine wives of soldiers, one hundred thirty-six persons of both sexes belonging to the families of the soldiers and four other families of colonists, twenty muleteers, three beef-cattle herders, four servants of the Padres, and three Indian interpreters; a total of two hundred forty persons; and over a thousand animals were taken along.

This great caravan left Tubac on October 23, 1775, and arrived at Monterey March 10, 1776, having marched four and a half months, in part through desert sands and mountain snows—it was winter—with the loss of but a single human life. One woman had died in childbirth. Five children were born on the journey, all of whom survived and reached Monterey in good health. Thus starting from Tubac with two hundred forty persons, Anza arrived at Monterey with two hundred forty-four, by his achievement more than doubling the white population of California.

Commenting on this expedition, Chapman says,



"Anza's care of this mixed assemblage made his expedition one of the most remarkable in the annals of exploration. . . . When one thinks of the scores that lost their lives in the days of '49, over these same trails, Anza's skill as a frontiersman stands revealed."

The overland trail to Monterey was open, permanence of California was assured, and Junipero Serra was happy.

CHAPTER IX

AN EVENTFUL DECADE

WHAT Plymouth Rock was to Atlantic North America, Monterey was to the Pacific. As the Pilgrim Fathers planted the Anglo-Saxon civilization on the bleak New England coast, so from Monterey radiated the activities that brought California under the civilizing influence of a great Latin race. Between these two diverse civilizing forces was the effective barrier of a broad continent, peopled by savage tribes.

The perils encountered by the Pilgrims are well known. The greater perils faced by the Spaniards in their daring adventures on the Pacific are not so well understood. California was the most distant point on earth from the centers of white civilization, when measured by the routes then necessary to be followed. From Old England to New England involved the comparatively short, though then perilous trans-Atlantic voyage. By water from Europe to California required a voyage around South America, or a much longer voyage around Africa and beyond Asia.

The land journey to California in that day was beset with even greater difficulties and dangers than those encountered by sea. Indeed, these dangers proved an effective barrier against a land approach until after the rediscovery and initial settlement of Monterey, when the necessities of colonization compelled the adventurous and perilous trail-blazing successfully accomplished by the intrepid Anza. In his "History of California, The Spanish Period," Chapman refers to the great distance of California from other civilized centers of the earth, and the difficulties encountered by these Spanish pioneers, "beside which," he adds, "the much better known hardships of the Pilgrims of Plymouth Rock pale into insignificance."

In that day, says Chapman, men did not know how to calculate longitude, except by a system called dead reckoning, which reduced itself to guessing, and instruments were so imperfect that the latitudes found were rarely correct; the calculations for the California coast being usually over a hundred miles too high. Few charts existed, and none were accurate. Rocks, shoals, currents, coasts and winds too frequently appeared where least expected, with the result that shipwreck was one of the ordinary perils of the voyage. "Only a sailor can know the perils of an uncharted sea."

In his "The Story of Mankind," Hendrik Van Loon draws a graphic picture of the perils and hardships of those early adventurers, and says, "But they were true pioneers. They gambled with luck. Life to them was a

glorious adventure. And all the suffering, the thirst and the hunger and pain were forgotten when their eyes beheld the dim outline of a new coast, or the placid waters of an ocean that had lain forgotten since the beginning of time."

In brief, California in the days of the Spanish adventurers was a far away land, isolated from the civilized centers, to reach which the gravest perils, dangers and hardships must be encountered and overcome. But with the journey to California ended, the hardships ceased. The pioneer found himself in a land of perpetual springtime, where the non-aspiring native left the supply and preparation of his food largely to nature, and concerned himself little about bodily apparel.

The Pilgrim Fathers, and those who followed them, after braving the perils of an Atlantic voyage, found still further hardships awaiting them. Harsh winters, hostile savages, and a reluctant soil developed those stern and unyielding qualities that characterized the New England of Colonial days. At Plymouth Rock was born the spirit of unremitting toil, and a moral code that frowned on pleasure, and made of austerity a heavenly grace.

At Monterey was born the spirit of leisure and of festive joy, a grace and refinement of manner and custom, and a generous hospitality never elsewhere known. Add to these the respective racial characteristics of the Anglo-Saxon and the Latin peoples, and there is a social and geographical antithesis of the widest possible di-

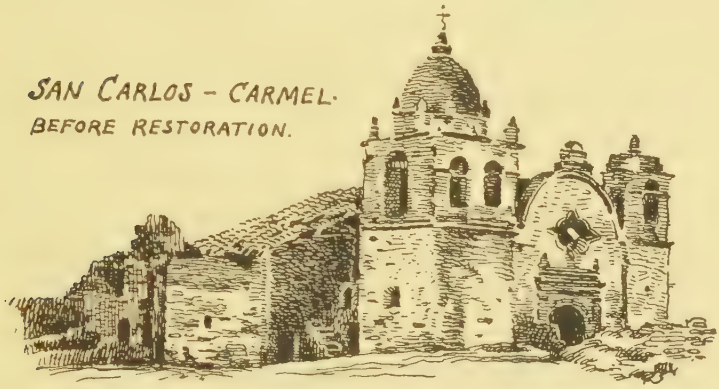
vergence. Under such conditions began the development of this far away outpost of colonial Spain.

Monterey harbor was rediscovered by Portola in 1770; before the close of 1771, Fages and his little military command were installed in the newly established Presidio, Serra had completed and was occupying his relocated Mission beside the Carmel river, and Spain's Pacific frontier had advanced to thirty-seven degrees north. Then followed ten eventful and history making years.

Fortunately for California during this eventful decade —or more accurately, until his death in 1779—Antonio Bucareli was the Viceroy of Mexico. A Spaniard of noble birth, possessed of great ability, devoid of selfish ambition, and loyally devoted to the advancement of Spanish interests, historians all agree that Bucareli was Mexico's ablest Viceroy, and that the protection of Alta California through colonization and mission development was one of his chief concerns. An early fruit of this solicitude was the Anza trail, over which, during the seven years it remained open, came the limited number of colonists and live stock that gave permanence to the Monterey settlement, and determined the fate of California.

Almost at once questions of authority and jurisdiction arose between Serra and Governor Fages, both men of strong character and decided views. Serra had no desire to participate in purely governmental affairs, but he did want a free hand in the location, construction and administration of the Missions. Fages, as Military

Governor, felt that his jurisdiction extended to all matters not purely spiritual, and that questions related to the material and administrative side of the Missions should be submitted to him for gubernatorial decision.



Realizing the impossibility of accord in these matters between himself and Fages, and deeming it of vital importance that his authority and jurisdiction should be early and definitely fixed, Serra, in September, 1772, set out for Mexico to lay the matter before Bucareli. Though suffering from an injured leg that gave him continuous trouble, and which never healed, Serra went on foot from Monterey to San Diego, where he found a boat that took him to the west coast of Mexico, whence he made his way to Mexico City. He arrived at the capital in February, 1773, having been nearly six months en route from Monterey. There he laid the entire California situation before Bucareli, and at the Viceroy's request,

reduced his views to writing in a digest of considerable volume. It was at this time, also, that Serra urged upon Bucareli the necessity of an overland route to Monterey for colonists and live stock.

Bucareli understood the vital importance of friendly natives in any scheme of colonization, and he knew that this friendship must come through missionary influence. Of course the Missions must not be left wholly unguarded, and soldiers with guns in their hands were deemed essential as a sort of local constabulary; but as against a general Indian uprising, the few soldiers available would have been pitifully powerless. Bucareli, therefore, deemed the work of the Missions of prime importance, and having confidence in Serra's ability, judgment and sincerity of purpose, his conclusion was that there should be a minimum of governmental interference with the Mission activities.

Three important and far reaching results flowed from Serra's visit to Mexico: the Anza Trail; supreme missionary power given Serra; and the retirement of Fages, and the appointment of Rivera as Military Governor of California. True, more or less friction arose between Serra and Governor Rivera, but Serra was uniformly sustained by Bucareli, and Mission development went steadily forward.

During his Presidency of the California Missions, which concluded only with his death in 1784, Serra established a chain of Missions that marked the historic Camino Real, the King's Highway, from San Diego to

San Francisco, along the coast. The center of control was at Carmel, officially the Mission San Carlos Borromeo. Here Serra lived, though much of the time away founding and building other Missions, and directing their labors; here he began his great work and formed and developed his plans of missionary campaign; here he passed from his earthly labors to his eternal rest; and here lies all that is mortal of this great and heroic character.

Serra had but one aim, one purpose, one objective. Everything he did and everything he directed to be done was for the conversion of the native Indian to Christianity. He had no thought save for the accomplishment of this purpose, to which all his waking hours were devoted. Progress for a time was slow. At the very threshold of the enterprise were the problems of language, of an understanding of the Indian character, and of the most effective method of approach. With these successfully solved, and with an exhibition of courage and command that greatly impressed the untutored savage, Serra began his work by making simple

little gifts that aided in winning the Indian's confidence, and by the enactment of impressive ceremonials that appealed to his primitive and childish nature. Two hundred years of missionary development in the Spanish American colonies were back of Serra, the study of which had acquainted him with the problems that lay before him, and the methods that had been successfully employed in their solution.

Briefly, his four-fold task was to impress the natives with his own fearlessness and superior power; to win their confidence and good will; to eliminate their fear of the white intruders; and to reach their minds and hearts with the religion of which he was an earthly ambassador. In all these he was surprisingly successful, and he thus prepared the way for the peaceful subjection of an alien race.

In order to sustain the Missions, and to afford appropriate employment for the Indian converts, the Missions engaged extensively in the raising of cattle and sheep, and in the planting and cultivation of orchards and vineyards. The Indian converts, especially those that lived in and about the Missions—called Mission Indians—shared bountifully in the results of these industries, and lived clean, comfortable and contented lives. But they were children in everything but years, and were necessarily treated accordingly. They were, however, well on their way to advancing stages of civilization when the road thereto was blocked by the secularization of the Missions under Mexican rule.

And the Padres were not only teachers of religion, they were farmers, cattlemen, manufacturers, traders, and in a sense bankers and innkeepers; but innkeepers where entertainment was without price. Their hospitality was as cordial as it was unbounded, and always without cost to the wayfarer. Such, indeed, was the universal spirit of California in those wonderful days when greed was absent, and money had no lure. As one writer says, "Up and down the coast went the horseman, nor was he ever anxious as against the night. Each day at sunrise he quitted one consecrated portal, to be enfolded beneath another at sunset."

It was during this same decade that the Golden Gate of San Francisco swung open. For more than two hundred years, adventuring navigators, Cabrillo, Drake, Vizcaino and a host of others, sailed along the California coast, but the fog spirits had hung their curtain across the Golden Gate, and successfully concealed the magnificent harbor that lay within their guarded portal. Sergeant Ortega found it in 1769, when Portola's ill-fated expedition missed the object of its search, Monterey harbor, but he came upon it from the land. So after the establishment of the Mission and Presidio of Monterey, the occasional parties that were sent out to ascertain the nature and extent of this "great estuary"—as Ortega had called it—were always land expeditions, and the approach was from the land side. But these explorations made it clear that this unusual body of water was an arm of the sea, with an entrance strait or channel con-

necting it with the ocean. Could this entrance be navigated? Here was a great natural harbor whose value and importance depended upon an answer to this question.

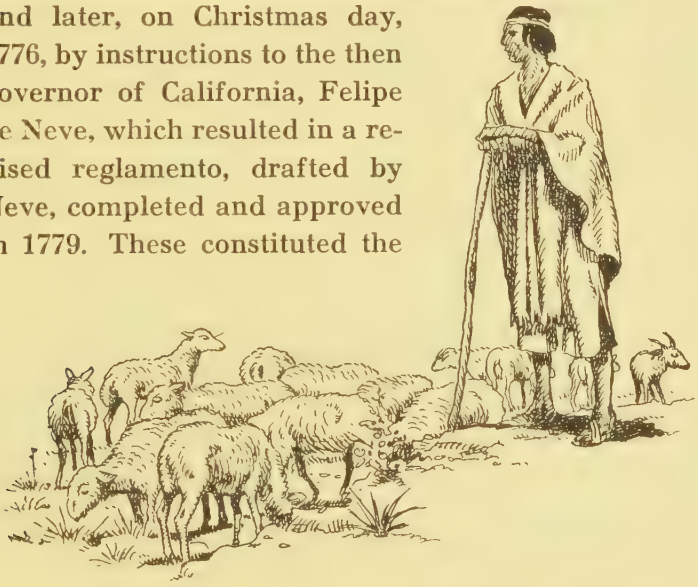
Under Royal orders from Spain, Captain Juan Manuel de Ayala of the Spanish Navy, undertook to find his way through the entrance to this "great estuary." Captain Ayala sailed from Monterey on the San Carlos July 27, 1775, while the shot fired at Lexington in the previous April was still echoing round the world. Eight days later, on August 4, he arrived off the ocean entrance that had lain so long concealed.

Early next morning, Ayala sent his sailing master, Don Jose Canizares, and a crew of ten men in a small boat to make a reconnaissance, and to find a place of anchorage for the ship. An ebb tide held the small boat for several hours, but with a slackened tide, Canizares passed through the entrance and out of sight of the San Carlos. In the afternoon, when he attempted to return to the ship, a flood tide prevented his passage through the entrance. At sunset the small boat was sighted from the ship, bravely struggling to make her way through the narrow strait, but the flood tide was too strong, and she was forced back. What followed is thus told by Eldridge:

"Night was now coming on; an anchorage must be found, and the San Carlos stood in through the unknown passage. Rock cliffs lined the narrow strait, and the in-rushing tide, dashing against rock pinnacles, bore the little ship onward. In mid-channel a sixty fathom line

with a twenty-pound lead, failed to find bottom. Swiftly ran the tide, and as the day darkened into night, the San Carlos sailed through the uncharted narrows, passed its inner portal, and opened the Golden Gate to the commerce of the world."

Not the least important work of this eventful decade of Spanish-California was the drafting of an organic law for the new province, and the organization of a government under that law. On July 23, 1773, Bucareli proclaimed a provisional reglamento that had been prepared by Juan Jose de Echevesta under his direction, and had the approval of the junta, Mexico's legislative council. This was supplemented by written instructions from Bucareli to Governor Rivera, August 17, 1773, and later, on Christmas day, 1776, by instructions to the then governor of California, Felipe de Neve, which resulted in a revised reglamento, drafted by Neve, completed and approved in 1779. These constituted the



organic law of California, and served unchanged during the Spanish period, and until Mexican independence in 1821.

Monterey was the seat of government, as it was also the center of white population of California, with the executive power vested in a Governor, appointed by the Viceroy of Mexico. His extensive powers were restricted by the authority given the President of the Missions over the Indian converts within the jurisdiction of the Missions. Monterey had also an Alcalde, whose duties corresponded somewhat to those of an American mayor, though his powers were broader in scope; and an Ayuntamiento, a sort of town council. There were minor officials of various kinds and degrees. Such was the government when, on July 17, 1781, came a catastrophe that closed the Anza trail, and isolated California for many years. Save for the occasional arrival of a small ship from Mexico, or the still rarer visit of some maritime adventurer, California was completely shut off from the world for four decades.

Word of the Yuma massacre came to Monterey with the shock of surprise, for the Indians had been friendly enough to Anza's two earlier expeditions. But following his remarkable feat in the winter of 1775-1776, of leaving Tubac with two hundred forty persons, and arriving in Monterey with two hundred forty-four, discontent had spread among the Yumas. Promised Missions had not been established on the Colorado, and expected gifts had not materialized. With Bucareli's death in 1779,

official differences arising in Mexico had tended to alienate the friendship of the Indians, and Spaniards penetrating the Yuma country along the Colorado had not always been mindful of what the Indians deemed their rights. In fact, the Yumas had ceased to trust the white man, and friendship was giving way to rapidly developing suspicion and ill will, when early in July, 1781, Rivera with forty families of colonists, coming over the Anza trail, reached and crossed the Colorado.

While the main body went forward under charge of his lieutenants, Rivera and an escort of some twelve soldiers recrossed the Colorado for the purpose of strengthening their animals before proceeding. Here on July 17, they were suddenly attacked by the Yumas, and massacred, together with several priests, including the beloved Garces, and the few local settlers, whose property was then destroyed. Happily, the colonists, already several days' journey beyond the Colorado, were not molested, and finally made their way to the California settlements.

There was crimination and recrimination among the

Mexican officials. A punitive expedition was sent against the Yumas with unsatisfactory results. Talk of reopening the Anza trail ended in talk, and isolation settled down upon far-off California. But the trials and struggles of the doubtful days of settlement were past, and the province had entered upon that peaceful, plentiful pastoral period that in its wonderful dolce far niente has no parallel in the history of the world.

It was an eventful decade not only for California, but for America. While this western land was emerging from the darkness of barbarism into the light of civilization, establishing its Missions from San Diego to San Francisco, opening a trail for immigration, organizing government with a complete code of laws, and building at Monterey, the capital city of a province, over on the Atlantic side of the continent, thirteen colonies, growing tired of British rule, won their independence, and established an independent government which was to prove the most powerful and beneficent on earth. In the vast, unexplored continental reaches that lay between the Pacific and the Atlantic, the North American Indian was undisturbed in his primitive savage life, while the grizzly stood guard on the Sierras and the wild buffalo roamed the boundless plains.

Beyond the Atlantic, King George III was on the throne of England, and the elder Pitt, America's friend, was guiding the English ship of state; while Edmund Burke was thundering against the iniquities of the East India Company. Under Louis XV, in whose imperial court

Madame du Barry held undisputed sway, France climbed to the zenith of "openly avowed gallantry, and the flattering artifices of vice." The sentiment of the King was, "After me the deluge." Then came Louis XVI, accompanied by beautiful Marie Antoinette, and "the deluge" soon followed.

The Hermit Kingdom was still hermetically sealed, and a secluded Mikado and a yielding Shogun were under the dominating influence of the all-powerful Samurai. More than three-quarters of a century were to elapse before a Commodore of the American Navy was to unlock the gates of Yeddo. The Chinese Empire, great in area and dense of population, was still a mysterious and unknown land to western civilization. The Ottoman Empire, under the rule of a theocratic and absolute Sultan, still cast a mighty shadow across southeastern Europe, and wielded a powerful influence in both European and Asiatic affairs. Under the dominating genius of the great Catherine, the Russian bear was gathering strength and stretching his mighty paw over two continents.

But none of these world doings aroused the slightest interest in far away California, for the simple reason that no one there knew a blessed thing about them. California had become, indeed, a world apart, into whose isolation seldom penetrated news from other lands and whose happy, carefree people lived their joyous and contented lives, undisturbed by the march of events beyond the borders of their earthly paradise.

CHAPTER X

RACIAL ARISTOCRACY

IN all the annals of time, there is no record of a situation like that in California during the forty years of pastoral peace from 1781 to 1821. The hardships of that earlier decade were soon forgotten; the trials of travel by sea and by land quickly faded from memory; Arcadian content descended upon this distant land of perpetual springtime, and the curtain of isolation hid from a happy people the turmoil and strife of other lands.

To them it mattered not at all that a young military genius from Corsica fought his way to the throne of France, made war on the rest of Europe, rose to the zenith of kingly power, made and unmade kings and princes, and aroused all Europe to sanguinary conflict. In the lotus-land of California, a carefree people, "the world forgetting, by the world forgot," lived in peaceful quiet while the new-born United States engaged in old-

world controversies, and fought another war with England; while in South America the fires of revolution were kindled in the colonies of Spain, to spread their conflagration northward to the land of the ancient Aztecs. Nothing they cared, for little did they know of the happenings of a world beyond their own California.

At the beginning of this period, in 1781, according to the most competent and dependable authorities, there were about six hundred white people in California, a majority of whom were in and about Monterey. A few had come in the little sailboats from Mexico, but most of them over the difficult and dangerous Anza trail. By this route, too, through waterless deserts and across mountain ranges, had been driven the live stock, that in this land of favoring clime and fruitful soil, had multiplied with such astonishing rapidity.

The white population during these four decades increased from six hundred to thirty-two hundred seventy in 1820. The most reliable estimates are, 1780, 600; 1790, 970; 1800, 1200; 1810, 2130; 1820, 3270. And almost entirely by births, for immigration practically ceased when the Anza trail was closed by the Yuma massacre in 1781.

Isolated from the rest of the world, these happy adventurers of Spanish descent and their rapidly increasing progeny, under a genial sky, and amid surroundings the most delightful that nature had ever prepared for man, recked little of the world beyond their imperial and fruitful domain. This was the Spanish period—Mexican independence came in 1821—and California

was, politically, a Spanish colony. But Spanish control was remote, and of an exceedingly tenuous nature. It was exercised indirectly through Mexico, and Mexico was itself a distant land, and only mildly concerned with the local affairs of California. Practically the only concern of either Spain or Mexico respecting California during this period was that it should be occupied by their own people, and not by those of some other nation.

Facsimile Signature
Carlos III

Chapman characterizes the governing motives of Spain and Mexico when after referring to the "twelve years of teeming activity from 1769 to 1781," and the quiet that followed, he says: "Though they could not have dreamed it, the Alta Californians were filling the role which Bucareli—Mexico's greatest Viceroy—had cast for them; a role of deep significance, and fraught with moment. Few as they were, imperfect as were their standards of civilized life, they were on the ground, and that in itself was enough to keep Alta California safe from foreign occupation, with the mineral wealth undiscovered. They compelled the Englishman and the Russian to make the center of their settlements farther north, within the immediate range of the profitable fur trade, instead of locating in Alta California, as each of them wished to do. In this way the Alta Californians virtually saved the intervening coast of Oregon and Washington. They were the sine qua non of American occupation. Americans

may rejoice that they were there, and people of other nationalities feel glad or sorry, according as their sympathies may direct them, but in the light of events as they occurred, who can say that the Alta Californians did not play an important part in the history of North America? In justice, not anybody."

But neither thought nor care did these Alta Californians give to international jealousies or to national necessities. They only knew that they had found a land of sweet delights, where a maximum of pleasure attended a minimum of toil. The restrictions of government rested lightly on these happy people, and the offices of that day, except those of Governor and Alcalde, were more or less of an ornamental nature, carrying with them certain honors and precedence. There was much official ceremony, and courtly manners were

cultivated and practiced. Indeed, these early Californians were a ceremonious people, and courtesy seemed a part of their nature. The Presidio garrison, with its highly ornamented officers added just the right touch of color to the local picture. There really wasn't much else for these officers to do.

A mental picture of the California of 1781-1821 is not easily produced. The first and greatest difficulty is the elimination of a century of human progress—the casting out of mind of steam and electric energy, now multifariously applied; of transmission of intelligence by wire and wireless; of swift transportation by land, by sea and through the all-encircling air; of our present familiarity, through frequent and world-wide explorations, with the then hidden places of the earth; and of the multitude of human achievements, now commonplace and not easy of mental effacement, then unknown and unimagined.

Without this attitude of mind, however, it will be impossible properly to understand and appreciate the pastoral days of Spanish California. Most important, the imagination must conceive a distant and little known land, where a happy and hospitable people, knowing little of the outer world—and caring less—lived upon nature's bounteous gifts with a minimum of labor; where a handful of white people, with the emotional and sprightly characteristics of a Latin race, had subjugated and utilized forty times their number of semi-barbarous Indians, who supplied the "hewers of wood and drawers of water" for their pale-faced brothers. These Spanish

Californians were not only masters of this enchanted land, but were freed from the irksomeness of uncongenial toil, and the inevitable result was a racial aristocracy, an inferior race subjected by peaceful means to the rule of a few adventurous invaders.

Be it said to the credit of the Spaniard that his rule was benign. Through the medium of the Missions, harmonious relations between these untutored natives and their self appointed masters were maintained, and Aristotle's ideal aristocracy, where a small minority, morally and intellectually superior, governed a large majority of inferiors, became a fact. Racially, the line was marked and definite. There was no slavery, nor was there any servile relation, but there was a dependent class that relieved the Spaniard of every form of labor that was not congenial to his taste.

The relationship may be glimpsed from a statement made by the wife of General Vallejo when asked by Torres what could be found to do for so many servants as he saw about her home. She replied, "Each one of my children, boy or girl, has a servant who has no other duty but to care for him or her. I have two servants for myself. Four or five grind the corn for the tortillas, for here we entertain so many guests that three grinders are

not enough. Six or seven serve in the kitchen. Five or six are constantly busy washing the clothes of the children and servants, and nearly a dozen are required to attend to the sewing and spinning. As a rule, the Indians are not inclined to learn more than one duty. She who is taught cooking will not hear of washing clothes; and a good washerwoman considers herself insulted if she is compelled to sew or spin. All our servants are very clever. They have no fixed pay; we give them all they need. If sick, we care for them; when their children are born we act as godparents; and we give their children instruction."

This picture is typical of the relationship that existed between the races, and from which developed a social aristocracy that gave to Spanish California a rare and distinctive charm.

Probably the most unique feature, and the one most difficult mentally to grasp of this period, is the grace and refinement of manner, and the ceremonial courtesies cultivated and practiced in this remote land by adventurous pioneers. We are accustomed to associate frontier life with rude and primitive surroundings, and to think of pioneers as hardy folk with little thought for the social graces; but here was a frontier whose isolation from the world centers of civilization was all but complete, and yet where life was easy and pleasant, and the

surroundings all conducive to happiness and joy. Here were pioneers, who to reach this distant land, had bravely faced the formidable dangers of land and sea, but who had not lost their love for social pleasures, nor left behind their habits of ceremonious courtesy.

The seeming strangeness of it all, however, will disappear when we reflect that the conditions in Spanish California were precisely those from which have ever developed the refinements that mark the social intercourse of a leisure class. It was so in Greece and in Rome, where developed a leisure class for whom all menial duties were performed by servitors of an inferior social caste. It was so in our southern states before the civil war, when slaves administered to the wants of an aristocracy whose political influence long controlled our nation, and whose social prestige was recognized on two continents. And so it was in far away California in that wonderful pastoral period when the ceremonial Don was relieved of every uncongenial task by the numerous natives who became his willing servitors, and who cheerfully attended to his personal and his domestic needs. To this must, of course, be added the chivalrous inheritance of the Spaniard, and the delightful charm of his new found home.

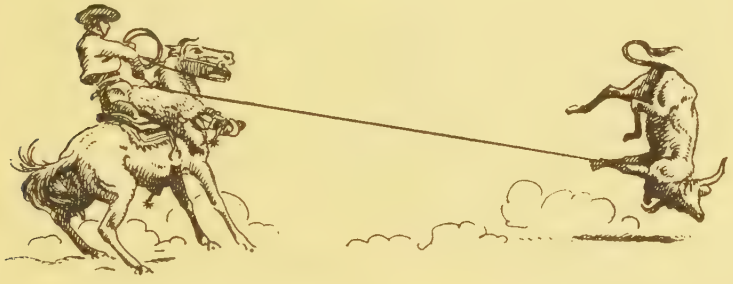
CHAPTER XI

PASTORAL PURSUITS

HE environment in which these early Californians lived was in perfect harmony with their pleasure loving and carefree spirit. A joyous lot, they loved the outdoors, and lived on horseback. The world never before saw, and has never since seen, such skillful and dashing horsemen. They were fond of music and dancing. Cupid was an exceedingly busy little person, and the spirit of the "Scarlet Letter" was confined to the Atlantic side of the continent. The noon-time siesta was universal, and midday and midnight were alike sacred to slumber. But they were not indolent. They shied at menial tasks, but were tireless in the larger activities of that period. These activities had to do mainly with stock raising, hunting, boating, fishing and flirting.

A further essential to a clear mental picture of this unusual and unique period is an adequate conception of the result of the isolation of these early Californians in a land of abundance, under a genial sky, and subject to the calming influence of the Mission. Writing of this period, Sepulveda says, "Settlers in a remote part from the center of government, isolated from and almost unaided by the rest of the Mexican states, and with very rare chances of communication with the rest of the world, they in time formed a society whose habits, customs and manners differed in many essential particulars from the other people of Mexico. The character of the new settlers assumed, I think, a milder form, more independence, and less of the restless spirit which their brothers in Old Mexico possessed. To this the virtuous and intelligent Missionaries doubtless contributed greatly."

There was no newspaper or periodical of any kind published in California in that day. The occasional passing ship brought meager and much belated news



from other lands, while the horseman was the medium for the dissemination of local news and gossip. And yet these far away people were not lonesome. Socially inclined, fond of music and dancing, keenly enjoying outdoor sports, caring little for wealth and less for time, they gave themselves over in goodly measure to the pleasurable things of life. Nor was all their time devoted to play. The daylight hours, save for the noon-time siesta, were actively and energetically employed. They knew not idleness. They worked and played with equal and unflagging energy.

And from the viewpoint of history, they did a great and important work. They conquered a vast empire, and held it against the covetous longings of powerful nations. They preserved law and order throughout their vast domain, within whose boundaries theft was rare, and murder almost not at all. They were essentially an honest and peace loving people, with a hospitality that knew no bounds. Though manufacturing and banking were unknown, and agriculture received scant attention, stock raising, the principal industry of the day, grew to remarkable proportions.

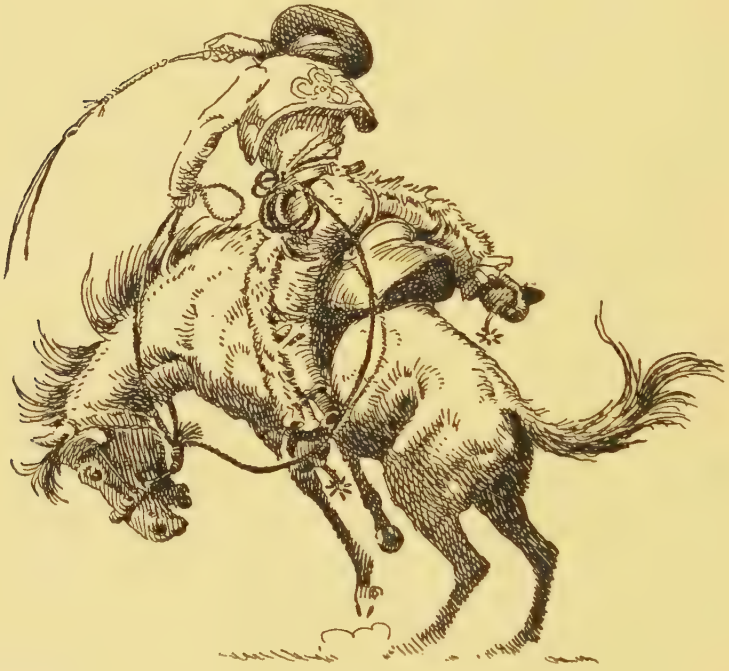
Cattle, horses and sheep, in limited numbers, had been driven from Mexico over the Anza trail during the few years that perilous and hazardous trail remained open. These, especially the cattle, had multiplied with astonishing rapidity. The horses were of Andalusian strain, and in their new environment, developed unusual speed and endurance. The sheep were of less importance,

though they grew to considerable numbers. Cattle raising was the big industry. To quote Robert Glass Cleland, "The natural conditions of California were so thoroughly congenial to cattle raising that the development of the industry was unbelievably rapid. Before the close of the century—that is before 1800—the hills and valleys from San Diego northward to the farthest point of Spanish occupation were covered with the offspring of the few hundred animals driven overland from Mexico by the early colonizing expeditions."

The industry was conducted at small expense. The cattle roamed at will over the hills and valleys where nature, without cost, supplied the grasses and wild grains upon which they fed. They literally took care of themselves except during the semi-annual rodeos in spring and fall, when the cattle were segregated as to ownership, and the calves branded. And even these rodeos or round-ups were converted into stupendous and magnificent festivals. Again to quote Cleland, "A round-up of this kind was one of the most picturesque events of early California life. The vast herd of cattle, sometimes half a mile from center to circumference, the thick clouds of dust that rose from thousands of moving feet, the sudden dash after some escaping steer, the surprising feats of horsemanship which were performed continually by the vaqueros, the bellowing of frightened and maddened bulls, the clash of horns striking horns, the wild shouts and laughter of the cowboys, all lent an

air of excitement and interest that the printed page cannot reproduce."

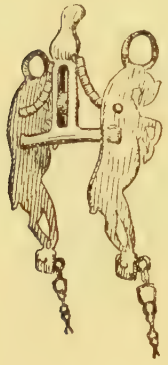
Gradually large tracts of land came into private control, and the California ranch of the Spanish era took its place among the wonders of that wonderful time. Still there was little agriculture. Stock raising remained the great industry; the horse, saddle and bridle continued the chief industrial equipment; and the rodeo was the great semi-annual event.



These ranches were of empire extent. Their boundaries were reckoned in leagues. Land was plentiful and the population small. And these ranchers lived like feudal barons. Chapman says, "On his ranch, the owner was like a little king, with many Indian dependents. The sole economic basis of the ranch was stock; of agriculture there was none. . . . His home and everything in it were at the disposal of his guests. It was even the custom to leave money in the guest chamber, which the visitor was expected to take if he needed it, thus delicately obviating the necessity of a verbal request for help. When the guest left, he could count on receiving a horse to carry him along his way."

The magnitude of ranch operations in that day may be inferred from the fact that the average thrifty rancher kept from one thousand to two thousand head of horses, and from ten thousand to fifteen thousand head of cattle as his productive stock, upon which he would not encroach except in an emergency. Cattle were raised exclusively for their hides and tallow, which were sold for export and taken by the trading vessels that came at intervals to Monterey, and less often to other ports. The rest of the carcass was discarded as of no value.

OLD SPANISH SADDLE WITH HOUSING.



It was the ranch, and its accompanying necessities in connection with the cattle industry, that carried the marvelous horsemanship of California to its highest degree of skill and perfection. From the beginning, the horse was the popular means of passenger transportation in that far off land. Indeed, it was almost exclusive in that regard. But it was left to the vaquero to develop and display those feats of spectacular skill and daring that fired the youthful ambition of the native sons of that day.

All writers and historians emphasize this phase of life in California during the period of Spanish and Mexican rule. Richman says, "The early California ranch developed the most expert horsemen the world has ever known. His pride was his horse, his saddle, his bridle and his spurs. To promote good fellowship or to greet his lady, the ranchero, while mounted, would sing and play the guitar, his steed stepping in time to the tune. For a wager, he would pick up at full dash a coin or a kerchief from the ground; nor was a pause needed to light a cigarette. It was, however, in throwing the lasso—an instrument of twisted hide and horse hair—that the ranchero found the diversion most congenial to him. Sometimes his

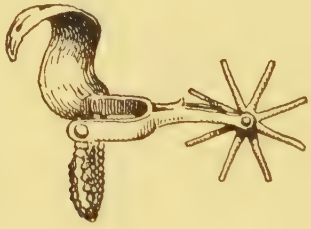
quarry was the grizzly bear, an animal which, despite its great strength, could be reduced by the lasso to helplessness."

Bancroft gives his version: "These were the equestrian days of California. The saddle was the second and life-long cradle of the race. Riding began in early childhood. The boy, mounted by a friendly hand, sped away in exhilarating race, whirling the lariat—lasso—at whatsoever attracted his fancy, and speedily acquired skill for veritable game. The saddle became an object of dearest pride, elaborate with stamped leather and glittering adornments which extended from the high pommel to the wooden stirrup, which was partly hidden by the leather cover that shielded the foot. When mounted the Californian was well favored. With only a lasso for a weapon, he ranked not as a soldier, but was not the less venturesome and dashing in facing the wild herd, in bearding the grizzly, or in mounting and taming the wild horse."

Dana, in "Two Years Before the Mast" says, "The men in Monterey appeared to me to be always on horseback.

There are probably no better riders in the world. They are put on a horse when only four or five years old, their little legs not long enough to come half way over the sides, and may almost be said to keep on him until they have grown to him." And Colton confirms in his diary, written at the time, "A Californian is most at home in his saddle. His horse with long, flowing mane, arching neck, full flanks and slender legs is full of fire. He seldom trots, and will gallop all day without seeming to be weary. On his back is the Californian's home. Leave him this home and you may have the rest of the world. When a child is born on a California ranch, it is at once taken by a man on horseback, accompanied by godfather and godmother, to the nearest Mission for baptism. He is much on horseback during infancy, and by the time a boy is ten or twelve years old, he becomes an expert rider. He literally rides from his cradle to his grave."

California's pastoral period reached full flower only a short century ago; but so filled with history making events have been the intervening years that the story of those pastoral days reads like the pleasing and restful romance of some olden time.



CHAPTER XII

HAPPY DAYS

THE Spanish days in California were happy days. Want was unknown, and greed of gold was wholly absent. "They attached no value to money," says Colton, "except as it administered to their pleasures. A fortune, with the facilities of enjoying it, was with them no object of emulation or envy. Their happiness flowed from a fount that had very little connection with their outward circumstances."

They knew not the multiplied luxuries of today, but they had all for which they cared, or their tastes demanded. They lived and loved; they danced and sang; they gamboled on their wonderful and delightful playground out of doors; they reveled in frequent festivals, and found delight in ceremonious courtesies; they watched their flocks and herds fatten on nature's bounty; and they were content.

Viewed in the light of the situation in which these early Californians found themselves, their philosophy of life is not easily condemned. If not thrifty, they were, nevertheless, a happy and contented people, and the gaunt specter of want never cast its shadow across their land. If they lacked the strictness and severity of puritan virtue, they abounded in neighborly friendliness and kindly hospitality. If they paid scant heed to the commercial and industrial opportunities that lay so abundantly about them, who shall say that advancement of their material wealth would have added to their happiness?

They were happy as they were. They were honest and peaceful. Their tastes were in harmony with their available pleasures. In their Arcadia they knew not, and therefore desired not, those costly pleasures which wealth alone can supply. To quote Colton, "There are no people that I have ever been among who enjoy life so thoroughly as the Californians. Their habits are simple; their wants few; nature rolls everything almost spontaneously into their lap. Their cattle, horses and sheep roam at large; not a blade of grass is cut, and none required."

They married young, and took no thought of birth control. Large families were the rule. Richman says, "Children were numerous—thirteen to twenty to a wedded pair—and the deference paid to parents was profound." And Colton, "The fecundity of the Californian is remarkable, and must be attributed in no

small degree to the effects of the climate. It is no uncommon sight to find from fourteen to eighteen children at the same table, with their mother at their head. There is a lady of some note in Monterey who is the mother of twenty-two living children."

The respect and deference paid by children to their parents in this early period was the subject of universal comment by those travelers who visited California, and who have left a record of their experiences and observations. In very truth, as Sepulveda so aptly suggests, a unique and distinct social organization developed in this far away, isolated wonderland of the Pacific wholly divergent from those of Mexico and Spain, and in sharp contrast with the puritan developments on the Atlantic side of the continent. And the center of it all was the Monterey peninsula.

On the northern side of the peninsula was Monterey, home of the Governor, and seat of governmental authority. Adjoining the town was the Presidio, with its small garrison, typifying the military arm of the government. On the southern side of the peninsula, a few miles away, near the shore of Carmel Bay, was the Mother Mission, where lived the great Junipero Serra, and whence flowed the missionary activities through which was made easy the subjugation of an alien race. "Monterey," says Chapman, "as the capital and residence of the Governor, was the most important presidial town. It was the principal resort of provincial society, the place to which the

rancher made his way, and to which foreign navigators and traders paid their visits. Life was one continuous round of hospitality and social amenities, tempered with vigorous outdoor sports. There were no hotels in California. Every door was open, and food, lodging, a fresh horse and money even were free to the guest, whether friend or stranger. No white man had to concern himself greatly with work, and even school books were a thing apart. Music, games, dancing and sprightly conversation, these were the occupations of the time, these constituted education. Also, men and women were much in the open; all were expert horsemen, could throw the lasso and shoot unerringly, even the women, accomplishments that fitted their type of life, and made hunting a general pastime. When foreign ships came, there were balls and the gayest of festivities; nor were these visits the only occasions for that type of entertainment."

The inauguration of a Governor was a highly ceremonious affair, quite in harmony with the spirit of these ceremony loving people. Richman has given us some of the details of the inauguration of Governor Sola at Monterey in 1816, from which the following is quoted:

"It opened in the plaza with a military display under the flag of Castile. Next came a reception at the casa real—royal house. Twenty beautiful señoritas advanced, and kissing the hand of the Governor in the names of their respective families—Estudillo, Vallejo, Estrada

and others—received in return sweetmeats from Mexico. A collation followed, the tables graced with roses, and laden with oranges, pomegranates, figs, olives, dates, cordials and wines. After a feast in the plaza by the populace, space was cleared and bulls and grizzly bears were set upon one another. Two days later, Sola and his suite—cuirrassed cavaliers with shields and lances, and ladies on palfreys, a cavalcade out of the 'Faery Queen' itself—set forth to San Carlos Mission, Carmel. The way led through a wood, past stations of the cross. Suddenly there appeared a band of monks, attended by Indian acolytes. Behind came padres from all over California, bearing upon a platform an effigy of Christ crucified, and followed by Indians to the number of many hundred. Sola and his officers alighted and kissed the feet of the Christ, and amid the odor of incense from censors swung by acolytes, entered the Mission."

Then followed a solemn religious ceremony, after which the Indians presented a sham battle, and the cavalcade returned with due pomp and dignity to Monterey.

Occasionally during this period a world traveler would find his way to Monterey. In 1786, the Compte de la Perouse, noted French scientist, with his company of learned men, was royally entertained both at Monterey and at the Mission at Carmel. So with Vancouver, and a few other noted wanderers of that day, all of whom were greatly impressed by the unique conditions in this

land of peace and plenty, and some of whom have left a record of their experiences and observations.

The Governors sent out from Mexico appeared to enjoy the new and altogther novel surroundings. Governor Borica, appointed in 1794, in one of his letters said, "This is a great country, neither hot nor cold. To live long and without care, one must come to Monterey." Nor was the governing of California in those days a difficult task.

The white population, small in number, peaceable and law abiding, were permitted to pursue their individual and community pleasures with a minimum of restraint; and the extraordinary work of the Missions made easy the control of the more numerous natives. California's Governors performed their duties capably and with becoming dignity.

Monterey loved to entertain. It was a part of her life. Social pleasures, both individual and community, they had in plenty, but they were not the luxurious indulgences that lead to decadence and racial decline. If they had their grand balls, they had also their festivals, and they loved the more vigorous outdoor sports. They never flinched before the dangers of the hunt; and the wild, unbroken horse, saddled for the first time, had no terror for them. The men, as a rule, were brave men—and courteous. The women were vivacious—and fascinating.

It will add to the development of the picture of that time, and give a more intimate view of these happy people, if we take note of how they dressed. Dana was an unusually close observer, and he had the rare faculty of describing accurately what he saw. The dress or cos-

tume of the men, Dana says, was "a broad brimmed hat, usually of a black or dark brown color, with a gilt or figured band around the crown, and lined under the rim with silk; a short jacket of silk or figured calico—the European skirted body is never worn; the shirt open at the neck; rich waistcoat, if any; pantaloons open at the sides below the knee, laced with gilt, usually of velveteen or broadcloth; or else short breeches and white stockings. They wear the deerskin shoe, which is of a dark brown color, and being made by the Indians, usually a good deal ornamented. They have no suspenders, but always wear a sash around the waist, which is usually red, and varying in quality with the means of the wearer. Add to this the never failing poncho, or serape, and you have the dress of the Californian.

"The women wore gowns of various texture, silks, crepe, calicos, etc., made after the European style, except that the sleeves were short, leaving the arms bare, and that they were loose about the waist, corsets not being worn. They wore shoes of kid or satin, sashes or belts of bright colors, and almost always a necklace or ear-

rings. Bonnets they had none. They wear their hair, which is almost invariably black, or a very dark brown, long on their necks, sometimes loose, and sometimes in long braids; though the married women often do it up on a high comb. Their only protection against the sun and weather is a large mantle, which they put over their heads, drawing it close around their faces when they go out of doors. When in the house, or sitting out in front of it, which they often do in fine weather, they usually wear a small scarf or neckerchief of a rich pattern. A band also about the top of the head, with a cross, star or other ornament in front is also common."

It is interesting to note how the voices of these people impressed Dana. He says, "Next to the love of dress, I was most struck with the fineness of the voices, and the beauty of the intonations of both sexes. It was a pleasure just to listen to the sound of the language before I could attach any meaning to it. . . . A common bullock driver, on horseback, delivering a message, seemed to speak as an ambassador at a royal audience."

Many local customs developed. The serenade with the voice and guitar became a popular medium for the transmission of love messages. Charles F. Lummis has collected more than five hundred of the tender ballads as sung by lovelorn youths in the old California days, and has had them sung into the phonograph by capable Spanish singers.

At dances and frolics, the breaking of egg shells filled with spangles or scented water—called cascarones—

upon one another's heads was considered great fun. The cavalier who could thus oftenest cause a lady to "float in lavender and cologne" was accorded temporary distinction. And many another social custom, long since vanished and forgotten, characterized the love-making and the merry-making, and added a peculiar, if primitive, charm to the pleasures of that period.

Their picnics were gala affairs. Nowhere can there be found more delightful retreats, or more ideal climatic conditions than on the Monterey peninsula. Here came the merry picnickers, usually on horseback, to revel in the delights of the sylvan shade. As Colton saw the picture: "I encountered today a company of Californians on horseback bound to a picnic, each with his lady love on the saddle before him. He, as in duty bound, rides behind, throws his feet forward into the stirrups, his left hand holds the reins, his right arm en-

circles and sustains her, and there she rides, safe as a robin in its nest; sprigs of evergreen with wild flowers in her little hat, and large clusters in his. Away they gallop over hill and valley, waking the wild echoes of the wood."

Nor was picknicking confined to the cavalier and his lady love. It was not uncommon to see an ox-cart, covered with mats, occupied by women and girls, drawn by three or four yoke of oxen, sally forth accompanied by Indian drivers and many dogs. The hallooing of the drivers, the barking of the dogs, and the laughter of the girls made a common chorus. These ox-carts were primitive and cumbersome affairs. Their wheels were cut transversely from the butt ends of trees, with a center hole for the wooden axle. Almost the only means of vehicular traffic of that time in California, these ox-cards were sometimes driven two hundred miles to

market. Trees and cattle cost next to nothing, and time had no special value.

Thus ran the days away in that land of perpetual springtime, when industry and romance walked dreamily together, and pastoral pursuits yielded to frequent merry-making. How difficult it is with mere words to present a faithful likeness of that uniquely romantic time in a far away land. Probably the most profound student of Spanish California, and of the lives, customs and character of the Californians of that period was Hubert Howe Bancroft, who says, "The Californian ever aspires to gallantry. Latin peoples are more demonstrative in their manners than Anglo-Saxons, more picturesque in their politeness; the common people more cordial, and the better bred men more gallant. To French politeness, Spaniards add chivalrous courtesy. . . . . They had received but little training, scarcely any education, yet they possessed virtues worthy of record. They were kind hearted and liberal; a person could travel from San Diego to Sonoma without a coin in his pocket, and never want for a roof to cover him, a bed to sleep on, food to eat, and even tobacco to smoke. . . . Any stranger traveling through the country could stop at any one of the Missions as long as he pleased. When ready to leave, all he had to do was to tell the padres, and his horses would be ready, with a guide, and also provisions for the road; generally a chicken or two, a boiled tongue, a loaf of bread, boiled eggs, a bottle of

wine and a bottle of brandy; and the traveler was at no expense whatever. . . .

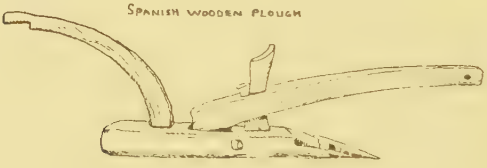
"One who has become rich by his industry is neither admired nor envied by anyone. Theft is extremely rare. Murder is without example. They do not like work, but are all day in the saddle, looking after their herds and hunting. . . . Reverence and respect for father and mother were carried to the highest degree. This was universal, and deemed a matter of course."

After saying that no one will question the courage of these early Californians, Bancroft makes the following general comment: "Absolutely unconfined socially and politically, or as nearly so as it were possible for poor, erring humanity to be, who cannot escape a master of some sort, or who make any pretentions to government, religion or social ethics; masters of all their eyes surveyed, the beautiful earth and its fruits as free as the sweet air and sunshine, lands unlimited, cattle on a thousand hills, with ready-made servants to tend them; born here, basking here, with none to molest or make afraid; with woman to love, and offspring to rear, and priest to shrive; with heart full and stomach full; how could they be else than happy, than lovers of home and country?"

So lived and loved these happy people. Their mistake, if mistake it can be called, was in not knowing that the world moves, and that sooner or later, progress was bound to overtake them. They took no thought of the historic tomorrow. They had an unusual opportunity

to build up a great and a strong community; but in the earlier days they saw no need for it, and they had grown too negligent of material things to make resistance when, at the close of the Mexican period, they saw their land of happiness slipping from them.

But they were happy, and that was much. They wrote the most fascinating chapter in California's wonderful history; and that is a beautiful and a lasting monument to their delightful memory. And they took out of the realm of figurative speech the theretofore poetic phrase, "An Earthly Paradise."



CHAPTER XIII

SPANISH MONTEREY

OR centuries, nature had been fashioning the Monterey peninsula into a fitting habitation for the beauty-loving people who would be led by their heart's desire to wander into this garden of dreams. Along the shores of its two bays, the ocean ebbed and flowed, fingering "the long keyboard of the beach" with the giant hands of a master musician. On its seaward side, rocky fortresses lifted undaunted heads to hurl defiance at the waves, born in the vastness of the Pacific, that never ceased to hammer and pound at the impregnable rock foundations.

Back from the sea, fringing the sandy stretches, rose gently undulating slopes, studded with sturdy oaks and pines, among whose shadows the California poppy, arrayed in the yellow uniform of the Spanish Don, crept back in springtime to bury its gold in the dark forest beyond. The uplands stretched back from the valleys to

give green pastures for the cattle and sheep that would come, or make fields and fruitful orchards, where neophytes might labor till the Angelus called. And narrow, gurgling streams gave their waters for irrigation.

In sentinel groups along the peninsula's seaward shore stood the Monterey cypress, elsewhere unknown, whose weird and fantastic forms fascinated and charmed, and whose origin is a botanical mystery. Above, on the forested heights, the beautiful Monterey pine, itself peculiar to the peninsula, held queenly sway, attended by the wild and purpled lilac, the picturesque and colorful manzanita, the sedate buckeye, and other arboreal courtiers; while in the cloistered ravines, miniature forests of bewildering and fascinating ferns paid silent tribute to their woodland queen. Lights and shades, and the varying tints of sunlight cast a spell by day that was transformed into a mystical charm when moonbeams danced across this playground of the fairies; while the scent of resinous saps, the pungent odor of the moss, and the faint and subtle perfume of wild flowers mingled their aromas with the salt tang of the sea.

But beautiful as was the setting designed and prepared by nature; romantic as were the adventures of those daring and intrepid explorers who found—and lost—and found again—this ocean bay; and fascinating as are the tales of the padres, it was the people who lived there, those courtly scions of lordly Spain, that gave the final touch of charm and color to Spanish Monterey. And what a picture it was! Here were gathered the

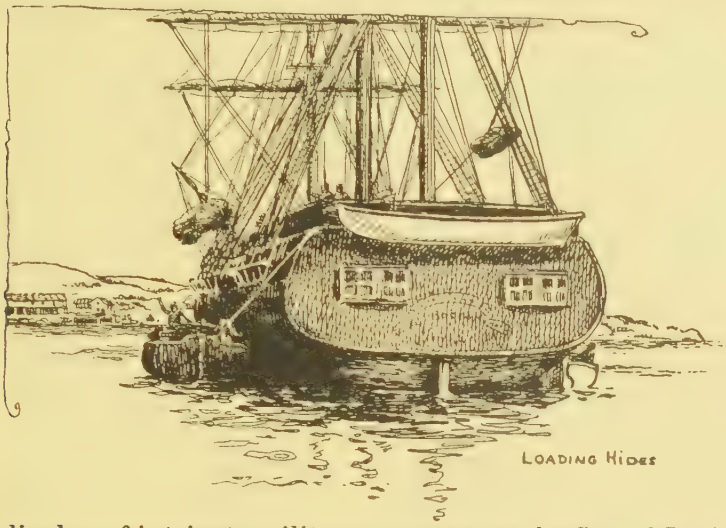
wealth and beauty of California in that wonderful time when every face wore a friendly smile, and no one looked beyond a joyous present, filled with a sense of leisure, of plenty, and of gladness. Here were seen the brilliancy and gold lace of the military; proud, smiling, aristocratic Señores, who bore the stamp of chivalrous courage; coquettish, dark-eyed Señoritas, peeping from behind vine-draped windows at dashing cavaliers and their attendant vaqueros from the ranchos, as they galloped through the town; gray-frocked friars, who moved noiselessly over the trails, mission-ward; and solemn-faced Indian children, who added dusky splatches to the colorful picture.

Many elements entered into the community life of Spanish Monterey. There was always a military force to be reckoned with, that made up in glitter what it lacked in numbers. Though rarely exceeding eighty men, including officers, its Commandante was always a person of vast importance.

Presidial architecture displayed itself in quadrangular barracks, and in the walls of certain outlying defenses. The enclosed square, an area of about seventy-five hundred square feet, was situated a gun-shot from the water's edge. One small cannon at each of the four corners, with the seven that guarded the bay, constituted the entire artillery defense. The special pride of the garrison was a gun mounted on the brow of the rise edging the beach. It is said that four hundred pounds of silver were molded into its massive frame, and the voice

that on grave occasions issued from its cavernous throat boomed a reverberant tribute of welcome.

Garrison life centered about the cuartel that formed the residence barracks for the soldiers and their families. It was a long, two-storied adobe building, with double porches its entire length. An outside stairway led to the upper story, and from its red-tiled roof issued two squat chimneys that evidenced the huge fireplaces within. Military drill every afternoon following siesta was the great event of the day, with accompanying social features. It was ever a welcome delight to the small boy, and equally enjoyed by his grownup sister. In the open plaza, opposite the verandas, where the entire population gathered, the proud and courageous warriors, attired in colorful uniforms, marched and countermarched to the strains of martial music. Following this



display of intricate military maneuvers, the flag of Spain was saluted with due ceremony, and the cannon boomed an explosive farewell to the sun. Civil life was then resumed in the various patios, where wine, laughter and gossip shared the hours with music and love making.

Monterey was adjudged by the travelers of that day to be the most delightful, as well as the most civilized looking place in Spanish California. Her pueblo grant covered four square leagues, and the pueblo proper, in accordance with the usual plan of Spanish architecture, was built around a central plaza, where were located the public buildings and the business section. But business to these pleasure loving Dons, whose money bags were but shining dreams, was a means rather than a pursuit.

The side of the plaza facing the harbor was not enclosed, but was sufficiently guarded by the Custom House, an imposing building that kept watch and ward over the comings and goings along the water front. Monterey was the principal port for the marketing of hides and tallow from the ranchos, and for the purchase of cargoes brought by occasional trading vessels that came that way. And wonderful cargoes changed hands. These adventurous pioneer traders, mostly Yankees from Boston, had shrewdly learned just what was most desired in far off California, and came abundantly prepared to supply the demand. The low adobe stores of Monterey were piled high with beautiful and costly goods, for the Spanish residents were a proud and showy people, and the satin slippers, high combs, lace mantillas, embroidered jackets, gay rebosos, silver-embossed hats, and all that went to make up the colorful attire of that time, found ready purchasers.

The choice building lots about the plaza were always at a premium, and once occupied, remained in the same family for years, often for generations. As new residences were required, they were built farther back from the center. There was little need for streets, as there were no vehicular conveyances save an occasional ox-drawn cart. Everybody rode horseback, and selected the way of least resistance. Each householder built his house where his fancy dictated. If it happened to obstruct a bridle-path, no one questioned; simply went round. So the narrow thoroughfares zigzagged, in keeping with the care-free attitude of the inhabitants.

The buildings were mostly adobe, painted white and roofed with red tiles. There was plenty of adobe soil close at hand, from which the Indians could make bricks, grinding the lumps of clay in crude wooden mills, named arastras; treading it to proper consistency with bare feet, mixing it with cut straw to give it tenacity, then drying in the sun. Tiles, too, were native made and fired, and nearby quarries gave a white stone, known locally as chalk-rock, of which the more pretentious buildings were constructed. The mortar used for both adobe bricks and rock was clay. Often the adobe bricks were given an added artistic value by pressing into them, while still moist, pebbles, small colored stones, and even shells from the beaches, in ornamental designs.

Timbers for joists, cross beams and rafters were hewed and shaped by hand from redwood, mostly, and the planks for floors and roof-boards were split with wedges from the straight-grained logs of the same great trees, growing in nearby canyons along the coast. Door frames and window casings were built in as the house grew up, and were strong and massive pieces of the enduring wood. Finally the whole building, inside and out, was plastered to give it finish and additional protection against the weather. Curious stones were often brought many miles to serve as steps or gateposts. The more pretentious houses were built around an inside court, the patio, upon which all the rooms opened. Wide verandas were across the front of the house, and on the inside around the patio, and these, covered with

tile roofing, gave shaded seclusion where the family spent the greater portion of the day.

The patio was a sun-flooded enclosure, gay with flowers, and filled with palms, blossoming trees and ornamental shrubs. Giant ferns, sweet Castilian roses and fragrant jasmine framed nooks and fairy bowers. In the center was a sparkling fountain, the drops as they reached the sun, falling back in rainbow bubbles upon the lily-pads and the moss colored water in the stone basin below, while the spray wafted a sense of delicious coolness. The garden beds were filled with flowers whose seed was brought from old Mexico; roses, pinks, hollyhocks, sweet peas and orange lilies. No garden was considered complete without some form of cactus, usually a sharp-thorned century plant, with a stiff, flowered stalk towering up into the blue, a straight, unbending sentinel guarding the plant world at its feet. Birds unmolested built their nests in the heavy rose-laden vines; white and yellow butterflies fluttered among Spanish bayonets; and kittens chased the sunbeams in the dappled shade of trees. It was in the patio that the sun lingered longest, making the life within drowsy with its brightness.

But the house was only a stage, set by the stage carpenter, for the acting of the drama of home, and it was in their homes that these romantic dwellers in Spanish Monterey made dreams of an ideal life come true. With them, family life was an affair of dignity and formality, interwoven with a deep and lasting affection. "There were lovely ladies, gallant gentlemen, dashing cabal-

leros, troops of laughing children, and the touch of divine comradery over all." Great stress was laid on family connections, with reverence for the founders of the province, and for all others in authority, while a strong religious flavor permeated it all.

"At break of day, the tongues of the Mission bells rang out a clear, silvery summons for all souls to arise and worship." The earliest service was for the laborers, and following this, mass was said hourly throughout the morning. For the most part, the women were the daily church-goers, once a week being deemed sufficient for the men. Spanish etiquette required that each lady be attended by her servant, who carried an embroidered rug for her use. As there were no seats in the church, these rugs were an indispensable part of the lady's belongings; even the poorer members of the congregation

used mats of tules, woven by the Indians. The dress for church wear was extremely simple, and always of black, the material being inexpensive, and made up in much the same style for rich and poor. One of the lessons taught by the padres was that "all ranks of men and women are alike in the presence of the Creator," and so at morning service no finery was worn.

The homes of Spanish Monterey were marked by simplicity, but everything about them was kept scrupulously neat and clean; and the same rule applied to wearing apparel and household furnishings. "Objects of pride with the California housewife," says Richman, "were the family garments, stitched and embroidered to a nicety; but objects of extreme pride were the beds. Not less than luxurious must they be, with ticks filled with down, silken counterpanes, and satin pillows, edged with lace or embroidery."

The wide verandas that faced the patio were the real living rooms, where much of the family activity was carried on. Kitchen work, other than cooking, was done here; babies slept, played and were bathed; Señoritas took their naps, said their prayers, and gossiped over their lace-making; and the master of the house smoked, dozed, and chatted with his dark-eyed sons here. The veranda was also the family council-chamber, where daughters were given in marriage, and the settlement of wedding portions was arranged. Here servants were admonished, instructions for the day given to the Major Domo, and los muchachos were reprimanded when oc-

casion required. Here stern dueñas watched with vigilant eye the attempts at love making that were sure to be inaugurated when some silver-tongued caballero wandered in, but which Spanish custom forbade. Instead, the young lover must publicly proclaim his preference through nocturnal devotions with his guitar. Through the sweetly scented air of the night, picturesque caballeros, loving love and life, strummed their guitars beneath the windows of the señoritas of their choice, ardently wooing them by singing in rich, soft voices the appealing songs those Spanish señores could make so effective. Happy was the outcome of his wooing if a token of his beloved's approval fell at his feet. But it was the parents who received him, and accepted or rejected as they saw fit.

The happiest events of the household were

staged in the patio. This was the Arcadia of the home, a little world of peace, harmony and beauty, a melody of sweet sounds, the twitter of birds, the hum of bees, the splashing and murmur of falling water, and the merry laughter of children. Visitors were received and entertained, the mellow cadence of Spanish conversation blending with the harmonies that filled the air. "In the long summer evenings, there were soft strains of Spanish music from mandolin and guitar, and the hard, earthen floor resounded to the tap-tap of high-heeled slippers, the swish of silken skirts, and the jingle of silver spurs."

Although Spanish custom made love-making a complicated process, Monterey rejoiced when it culminated in the marriage ceremonial that was universally made the occasion of a town fiesta. Nothing was more attractive than the wedding cavalcade on its way from the bride's house to the Mission church. The horses were richly caparisoned, and the bride's nearest male relative, or family representative, carried her before him, she sitting on the saddle with her white satin shoe in a loop of gold or silver braid, while he sat on the bear-skin saddle-cloth behind. The groom and his friends, on the best horses obtainable, accompanied the bride's party. After the ceremony, the bride rode on the horse with her husband, and the cavalcade, usually attended by the entire village, returned to the home of the bride for luxurious feasting and dancing, which often lasted for several days and nights.

The señoritas looked forward to their wedding day

from the time they were able to talk until it arrived, accompanied always by beautiful gifts of jewels and rare laces from the bridegroom. One of the customs observed was the winding of a silk-tasseled cord or sash about the necks of the bride and groom, thus binding them together as they knelt before the altar. Another charming custom was the making of satin shoes by the groom for the bride. A few weeks before the wedding, he obtained the needed measurements, and made the slippers with his own hands. The groomsman presented them to her the night before the wedding.

The festival spirit—so possible in California, where all nature lends itself to every form of outdoor amusement—was the particular heritage of Spanish Monterey. Their joyous temperament led the people to seek amuse-

ments in the open in the form of fiestas, picnics, rodeos, barbecues, horse racing and dancing. Reminiscent of far-off Spain, Monterey had her Plaza de Toros, amending the old world sport by substituting a grizzly bear for the matador, a combination which afforded more excitement to the audience, and was just as destructive to the bull.

In the scale of social entertainments, the fandango, or general dance, ranked second only to the rodeo. It was of such frequent occurrence that Spanish Monterey seemed to spend all its time riding horseback and dancing. The dance-floor was laid in some sheltered spot out of doors, and at night was lighted by great knots of pitch-pine fastened to the tops of slender poles. Seats placed around the floor were occupied by the señoritas, while their dueñas huddled at their feet, or stood behind them. Spaniards of all ranks walked about or engaged in conversation until the music began. First came low, enticing strains, then as the sensuous melody increased, the dancers gathered on the floor in the circle illuminated by the torches.

How fragrant with youth and love was such a gathering, where beauty and symmetry of form, with rythmic grace and harmony of sound combined with a perfect evening in a brilliant setting! Where the salt air was tinged with the odor of burning resin from the torches! Where the ceaseless flow of the surf mingled its bass with the measures of the instruments! Where stars sparkled through a film of mist! And where an intoxi-

cating sense of delight came from the joining of strains of music with strains of merry laughter!

Thus, on through the hours, these happy people danced and sang, and on through the years they lived their story of love, laughter and happiness.

CHAPTER XIV

AN INTERNATIONAL ROMANCE

ILLUSTRATING and emphasizing the isolation of California in the days of Spanish dominion, and the slowness with which meager news of other lands drifted to its people, comes the romantic story of Señorita Conception Arguello, who as Sister Mary Dominica, was the first novitiate of the first religious sisterhood in California, the Dominican Order at Monterey. Down through the centuries, historians have recorded great loves, and painter and poet have immortalized them. But for sweetness and purity, and for steadfastness of woman's devotion, no more beautiful story was ever told than that unfolded by this tender romance of Spanish California.

Nikolai Petrovich de Rezanov was a Russian nobleman, tall, handsome and blond. He had been a protege of the great Catherine, and he continued a court favorite after the Queen's death. In 1806, under Czar Alexander

I, he sailed for Alaska, charged with the organization, supervision and relief of the Russian colonists there, and to this end was clothed with full governmental authority. Finding the colonists suffering from lack of essential foods, he straightway sailed for California, where he hoped to secure the needed supplies.

Rezanov knew of the Spanish orders prohibiting trade with foreigners, which if strictly adhered to by the Governor of California, would prevent the accomplishment of his purpose, but the situation demanded immediate attention, and he determined to persuade the Governor to some suitable arrangement. Expecting to make Monterey harbor direct, contrary winds forced him to put in at San Francisco for what he intended should be a temporary stop, whence he promptly dispatched a messenger by land, with a formal communication to Governor Jose Joaquin de Arrillaga, advising him that he would shortly do himself the honor of calling upon the Governor at Monterey. Not to be outdone in courtesy, the Governor replied that he would come to meet so distinguished a guest at the port of his arrival.

While awaiting this visit of the Governor, who in accord with the spirit and custom of the day did not hurry, Rezanov paid his respects to the Commandante of San Francisco, Jose Arguello, who entertained him fittingly. At his home, Rezanov met the Commandante's daughter, and the little love-god at once began an active campaign. Conception Arguello—Concha was the Spanish pet-name for her—was then accounted the most beautiful

señorita in California. Just sixteen years old, of gentle birth and Castilian descent, petite, vivacious, talented and witty, with black hair and black eyes, she at once attracted and fascinated the big Russian blond.

According to Dr. Langsdorf, who accompanied Rezanov as surgeon and naturalist, Señorita Conception "was lively and animated, had sparkling, love inspiring eyes, beautiful teeth, pleasing and expressive features, a fine form, and a thousand other charms, yet was perfectly simple and artless, 'the heavenly dawn into one drop of dew,' a beauty of a type to be found, though not frequently, in Italy, Spain and Portugal."

A brave and handsome Nordic had met a gentle and beautiful Mediterranean, and the fires of love had burst into immediate flame. After a season of ardent wooing, and a recounting of the splendors of the Court of St. Petersburg, Señorita Conception surrendered, and gave her consent to Rezanov's proposal of marriage. Then arose a serious, and for a brief space a seemingly insur-

mountable barrier to the consummation of their hopes and plans, for Conception was a devout Roman Catholic, and Rezanov was a loyal member of the Orthodox Greek Church. She took her religion from Rome, he from St. Petersburg. The father objected, the padres opposed, and the lovers felt the heavy hand of church upon them. There were many conferences, much consulting, and more arguing, but love finally had its way, and the betrothal was announced.

But one thing remained. Rezanov, in view of his official status in Russia, must secure the approval of the Czar, the spiritual head of the Greek Church, and of whose Court Rezanov was a noble part. This, however, Rezanov deemed a mere formality, and made preparations to depart for the Russian capital. His mission to California, largely through the influence of Conception and her father, was completed, and a commercial arrangement made with the Governor, which the Governor undertook to have ratified by the Spanish authorities. In the language of that staid old authority, the Encyclopaedia Britannica, when Rezanov set sail for home, by way of Sitka, his ship "was full of breadstuffs and dried meats, he had the promise of the perplexed Governor to forward a copy of the treaty to Spain at once, and he was affianced to the most beautiful girl in California."

So he sailed away. The weeks lengthened into months, and the months into years, but no word came to the waiting señorita. Cavaliers in plenty sought her hand, but she was true to the Russian lover to whom she had

plighted her troth. Finally, in deep despair, but with her faith in Rezanov unshaken, she took the veil of a nun, and entered the convent at Monterey. Let Bret Harte finish the story:

Forty years on wall and bastion swept the hollow idle breeze,
Since the Russian Eagle fluttered from the California seas;

Forty years on wall and bastion wrought its slow but sure decay,
And St. George's cross was lifted in the port of Monterey;

And the citadel was lighted, and the hall was gaily drest,
All to honor Sir George Simpson, famous traveler and guest.

Far and near the people gathered to the costly banquet set,
And exchanged congratulations with the English Baronet;

Till, the formal speeches ended, and amidst the laugh and wine,
Some one spoke of Concha's lover, heedless of the warning sign.

Quickly then cried Sir George Simpson, "Speak no ill of him I pray!
He is dead. He died, poor fellow, forty years ago this day,—

"Died while speeding home to Russia, falling from a fractious horse.
Left a sweetheart, too, they tell me. Married, I suppose, of course!

"Lives she yet?" A deathlike stillness fell on banquet, guests and hall,
And a trembling figure, rising, fixed the awe-struck gaze of all.

Two black eyes in darkened orbits gleamed beneath the nun's white hood;
Black serge hid the wasted figure, bowed and stricken where it stood.

"Lives she yet?" Sir George repeated. All were hushed as Concha drew
Closer yet her nun's attire. "Señor, pardon. She died, too!"

Conception's father was the next to the last Governor of California under Spain; her brother, Luis Antonio Arguello, was the first Governor of California under Mexico; and a half century after her betrothal to the Russian baron, the Sister Mary Dominica Arguello died at Benicia, where the Dominican Order moved in 1854, following the removal of the State Capital. From the historic facts here briefly told, Gertrude Atherton has woven one of the greatest of her romances of California, "Rezanov."

CHAPTER XV

LOYAL CALIFORNIA

BY the end of the first decade of the nineteenth century, revolution was sweeping like a forest fire through all Spain's colonies in the New World, save only California. In a vague way, this northernmost province of the crown of Castile knew of the blaze of insurgency, yet of its volume and intensity the Californians had but meager information. Happy and contented, they gave small heed to the hints of revolt that, from time to time, drifted into their fair Arcadia, and California remained calm, and continued unswervingly loyal to the Spanish throne.

For nearly three centuries, Spain had ruled all of South America except Brazil, and all that part of North America stretching from the Isthmus of Panama to the Rio Grande, including also what are now the states of Texas, New Mexico, Arizona and California. Before the close of the eighteenth century, the South American colonies had begun to exhibit signs of restlessness, and mildly to resent the withholding of colonial administration from those born in the colony, notwithstanding they might be of pure Spanish descent.

This local spirit was quickened by the action of the great Napoleon in 1808, when he deposed Ferdinand VII,

and seated his brother, Joseph Bonaparte, upon the Spanish throne. By 1810, this spirit had generated into open revolt, manifesting itself first at Buenos Ayres, and spreading over South America, then northward where it culminated in Mexican independence in 1821.

An important factor in California's loyalty to the crown was the attitude of the better informed Mission Fathers, who felt safe under the rule of Spain. What effect insurgent success might have upon the Missions, and upon Mission jurisdiction, they did not know, but remembering their early differences with local Governors, and their successful appeals to Spanish Viceroys, they were apprehensive of any change.

The insurgent colonies, on the other hand, felt aggrieved at the steadfast loyalty of California. It was a thorn in their side. This feeling culminated in 1818 in an expedition, commissioned at Buenos Ayres, whose ostensible purpose was to bring California into the insurgent fold, or failing in this, to strike a blow at Spain through a loyal province.

Buenos Ayres, in Argentina, was the seat of the insurgent movement, whence all its earlier activities were directed, and where had gathered patriots and pirates bent on freedom and loot. A rare assortment of maritime adventurers of all nations had been drawn here by the lure of piratical gain, and the insurrecto junta was not always discriminatingly careful as to whom letters of marque were issued. It is not surprising, therefore, that the California expedition was entrusted

to the daring of men in whom the spirit of patriotism mingled with the hope of loot. As finally organized and outfitted at the Hawaiian Islands, where it had stopped en route to California, the expedition consisted of two vessels, the frigate Argentina, with two hundred sixty-six men under command of a Frenchman named Bouchard —head of the expedition—and the Santa Rosa, a piratical craft, with one hundred men, commanded by an Englishman named Corney. While the ships were being refitted at Honolulu, an American trading vessel, the Clarion, sailed to Monterey and gave warning to the Californians of the approaching attack.

Monterey was much disturbed, and Governor Sola—whose ceremonious inauguration two years before has been related—prepared his presidial forces to receive the invaders. As a reserve, or second line of defense, the padres were requested to muster their lariated vaqueros and archered neophytes. They had not long to wait. On November 20, 1818, a sentinel stationed at Point Pinos, sighted the insurgent ships, and reported their approach. The Santa Rosa came in and anchored

in the harbor, while the Argentina stood off some distance, and the leaders of the expedition were rowed ashore to hold parley with the Governor.

The entire force at Monterey's Presidio was less than a hundred men, and eight small field guns were all the artillery. Ammunition was scarce, and deteriorated in quality by age. Yet the demands of the insurrectos were boldly rejected by Sola, and they returned to their ships. The Santa Rosa promptly opened fire on Monterey, and the Presidio answered it, but no serious damage resulted on either land or sea. After the engagement had lasted for some time, Corney sent off several small boats to the Argentina, and lowered the colors of the Santa Rosa in seeming token of surrender. Believing this to be a ruse, Governor Sola directed that the fire from shore be continued, to find himself opposed by one of his own officers, named Gomez, who had a nephew of the same name among the officers of the Santa Rosa. Just how long the firing continued is not clear from available data, but probably not very long, for the second officer of the Santa Rosa, an American named Chapman, came ashore with two men, all of whom were promptly made prisoners.

Shortly, the Argentina approached, dropped anchor, and sent a messenger to Sola under a flag of truce with a demand for the surrender of Monterey. Sola replied that he would not surrender "while there remained a man alive in the province." Night prevented an immediate renewal of hostilities, but at dawn, Bouchard

sent nine boats ashore, with some two hundred armed men, and four field guns. The force was landed, with intent of secrecy, near Point Pinos, three or four miles west and oceanward of Monterey, but word of it came promptly to Sola, who sent a small detachment under Sergeant Jose Estrada to reconnoitre. Outnumbered twenty to one, all it could do was to embarrass the invaders in their advance on Monterey, where Estrada rejoined Sola. Then, according to Chapman, "there followed a brief encounter at Monterey, where by this time Sola had a force of some eighty men. Sola deemed it prudent to retreat, and did so in safety, carrying with him some munitions and the archives of the province."

Simultaneously with Sola's retirement, the entire civil population of Monterey moved out on horseback, most of the women and children being taken to Soledad, where a Mission had been established. Sola made his headquarters at the Rancho del Rey in the Salinas valley, some twenty miles from Monterey, where he reorganized his forces, and mapped out a campaign for the recapture of California's capital. Here his small army grew in numbers, mainly through reinforcements from San Francisco and San Jose, until it included some two hundred Spaniards and a number of Indians, the latter variously and primitively accoutred. Feeling that he could now meet the enemy on something like equal terms, Sola, about a week after retiring from Monterey, advanced to the invaded capital only to find it deserted, looted and partially destroyed.

Reconstruction was promptly begun, the Missions supplying the needed Indian labor, but it was several months before repairs were far enough along to bring back the women and children from Soledad. There was an official inquiry into the behavior of Manuel Gomez, who had opposed Sola during the bombardment, the accusation being made that he had given aid and comfort to his nephew's fellow invaders. It was proved, however, that his own home had suffered, a shot from one of the insurgent cannon having torn through its walls, and other evidence seemed conclusive that he had acted in good faith, with patriotism and loyalty. He was acquitted, and with other officers of the Presidio, was promoted for gallantry in action. Governor Sola was given the honorable commission of a colonel in the loyal army of Spain's last province in the Americas. With these matters cleared away, and restoration complete, all fear of further molestation by the insurrectos vanished, and the days again flowed serenely on at Monterey.

It is undoubtedly true that the underlying motives of those at Buenos Ayres who launched the California expedition was the advancement of the revolutionary movement in Spanish America. It is equally clear that the heterogeneous band of adventurers of many races that sailed from Hawaii for the attack upon Monterey was not guided solely by patriotism. A glimpse of what happened to the defenseless town may be had from an entry in a journal kept by Captain Corney of the Santa Rosa. He wrote, "It was well stocked with provisions

and goods of every description, which we commenced sending on board the Argentina. The Sandwich Islanders, who were quite naked when they landed, were soon dressed in Spanish fashion; and all the sailors were employed in searching houses for money, and breaking and ruining everything."

The Monterey incident is not without interest to present day Californians, who live under the protecting folds of the stars and stripes. As Chapman says, "One wonders what might have happened if the Spanish Californians had made common cause with Bouchard, instead of resisting him. More than likely a Spanish-American republic would then and there have been formed." But Bouchard found an aristocratic and loyal Spaniard in control of California as its provincial Governor, who declined to enlist under the banner of the insurrectos, and thus California was saved for her ultimate destiny of American statehood.

CHAPTER XVI

CAVALIER TO GRINGO

THE fires of revolution, kindled in the Spanish colonies of South America, resulted in Mexican independence in 1821. The Californians, though they had declined to take part in the revolution, complacently accepted the new situation, and continued to receive their Governors from Mexico. Mexican rule, thus begun, came to an end when Commodore Sloat raised the American flag at Monterey in 1846.

This quarter of a century saw the twilight of Latin supremacy and the dawn of Anglo-Saxon rule in California. The Missions, secularized by Mexico and taken over by the civil authorities, were abandoned, their properties generally sold, and many of the Mission churches and buildings allowed to go to ruin. Their great work was done.

Foreigners in small numbers, mostly Americans, be-

gan slowly to filter in, accompanied by a gradual and limited introduction of other ways and methods. Both of these features were slow in developing, and the happy Californians were equally slow in appreciating their full significance. Before the close of this transition period, however, the Californians realized not only that their Missions were gone, not only that the Anglo-Saxon had arrived, but that the government to which they had given allegiance was making their fair land a dumping ground for Mexican politicians.

This created much dissatisfaction, especially among the younger element, and culminated in 1836 in a revolt led by Juan Bautista Alvarado, a twenty-seven-year-old Californian, born at Monterey, and resulted in a brief period of independence, and a later compromise whereby Alvarado was appointed Governor.

As an added menace to the pastoral peace of California, and one that it was too late now to check, greedy foreign powers were casting eager, longing, hungry eyes on the province. England, with her ships upon the seven seas, was believed to be waiting an opportune time and an adequate cause for possessing herself of this Pacific jewel. The Russian bear had crossed over to the Alaskan coast, and was slowly moving down toward this land of perpetual springtime. France and Holland were making stealthy advances, and Uncle Sam was casting flirtatious eyes toward the Pacific.

Russia's plans were well laid, and intelligently directed. But for the hastening of events beyond Russia's

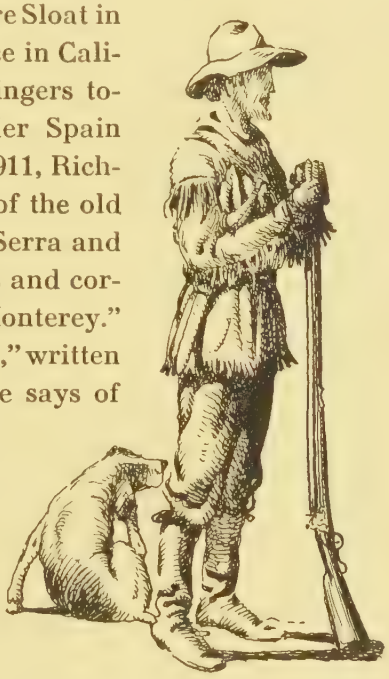
expectations, California would probably have passed under the dominion of the Czar. In Mexico and California, England's consular agents, watchfully alert, were urgently recommending to their home government the acquisition of California from Mexico as an equivalent for the forty or fifty millions of dollars owed by the Mexican government to subjects of Great Britain. The United States had approached the Mexican government with a proposition of purchase, with negative results. All these international longings and rivalries were, of course, brought to an end by the war between the United States and Mexico, and the resulting treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo. Again may the fatalist declare that California was destined to become American.

The social and industrial changes were slowly wrought. Cattle raising continued the principal industry, and hides and tallow the only exports. Love-making and merry-making went happily on without apparent abatement or diminution. Hospitality knew no lessening, and the horse remained supreme in the field of passenger transportation.

The Californians did not seem to realize that important history was in the making. They saw their Missions go. They saw an occasional stranger of an alien race take up his residence among them. They felt vaguely the political sins of Mexico. They had an idea that all was not quite as it should be. But four decades of quiet isolation and peaceful content had unfitted them keenly

to discern, or soundly to meet, the slow but tremendous changes that were making headway among them.

Strangely enough, the place where these changes were least manifested, and where they seemingly had the smallest effect was Monterey, the social center of California and its seat of government. Old Spain lingered on at Monterey; old Spain was found there by Commodore Sloat in 1846; and it is the one place in California where old Spain lingers today. In "California Under Spain and Mexico," written in 1911, Richman says that something of the old California in the days of Serra and Fages lingers yet in nooks and corners, "and most of all in Monterey." In "California Coast Trails," written in 1913, J. Smeaton Chase says of Monterey, "Much of the air of its early days still pervades the place and makes it, in a way, the most interesting town in California. The green lawn is gone, but many of the low adobe houses remain, and a good part of the population is Spanish or Mexican still; and my hostess, Doña Carmelita, herself a resident of Monterey from girlhood, has



not a few compatriots with whom to talk over the old, gay, easy days that lingered here long after the rest of California had become charged with American energy. Monterey, and not the Mission Dolores in San Francisco, as Bret Harte expected, seems destined to be the 'last sigh' of the native Californian."

It required more than a mere war—particularly a war between far off Mexico and farther off America—or a mere change of governing authority to disturb the peace, or to stifle the spirit of hospitality of Monterey. The simple truth is that these happy and contented people, in their delightful little world, isolated from and with small knowledge of the world at large, were living in a paradise of beautiful dreams, and were taking scant heed of the great events of the time. To them it was incredible that anybody should want to take from them the joys and pleasures that had been uninterruptedly theirs for three quarters of a century, and which in their simple view would go on forever.

A striking example of this unsuspecting and hospitable spirit was afforded in 1842 when Commodore Thomas Ap Catesby Jones, commanding an American squadron, under the belief that war had been declared between the United States and Mexico, landed a force of a hundred and fifty marines, and raised the American flag over Monterey. He soon discovered his mistake, restored the Mexican flag, withdrew his marines, and fired a salute in apology. Official notice was taken of the incident, but the Commodore was promptly forgiven

and socially wined and dined. Such was the spirit of Monterey.

So, as Colton informs us, the people of Monterey were "more astounded than indignant" at the actual taking of the city four years later. When Commodore Sloat sailed into the harbor, and took peaceable possession of California's capital, the chaplain on one of his vessels, the Congress, was a rather unusual man named Walter Colton, a keen observer, with the rare faculty of graphically and entertainingly recording what he observed. Colton was appointed by Sloat the first, and only, American Alcalde of Monterey, relieving Purser R. M. Price and Dr. Edward Gilchrist, who had been placed temporarily in charge, and whose services, Colton informs us, were needed on the ships. Apparently the Commodore thought he could better spare a preacher than a purser or a doctor.

Colton remained Alcalde, with almost unlimited judicial and executive authority, and an extensive territorial jurisdiction, for more than two years. Speaking of this period, Goodwin in his "State Government of California" says, "Under the existing government, almost the entire control of local affairs rested in the hands of the Alcaldes. Instead of having their jurisdiction confined to a town or district, as under Mexican rule, they sometimes exercised authority over several districts. Rev. Walter Colton was such an one. His judicial power extended over all the territory within three hundred miles

of Monterey, and within these limits there was no appeal from his decisions."

Colton kept a diary, remarkable alike for its fine literary quality and for its faithful picture of Monterey, its people and customs, during the years 1846, 1847 and 1848. A glimpse at the chivalrous standards and social ethics of these early Californians may be had through an entry of July 28, 1846, just three weeks after Commodore Sloat raised the American flag over the Custom House at Monterey. Says Colton, "Though a quasi war exists, all the amenities and courtesies of life are preserved. Your person, life and liberty are as sacred at the hearth of the Californian as they would be at your own fireside. He will never betray you; the rights of hospitality, in his generous judgment, require him to peril his own life in defense of yours. He may fight you on the field, but in his family you may dance with his daughters and he will himself wake the waltzing string."

Nine months later, Colton again strikes the same note. Under date of March 6, 1847, is the following entry: "I have never been in a community that rivals Monterey in its spirit of hospitality and generous regard. Such is the welcome to the privileges of the private hearth that a public hotel has never been able to maintain itself. You are not expected to wait for a particular invitation, but to come without the slightest ceremony, make youreslf entirely at home, and tarry as long as it suits your inclination, be it for a day or for a month. You create no flutter in the family, awaken no apologies, and are

greeted every morning by the same bright smile. It is not a smile that flits over the countenance, and passes away like a flake of moonlight over a marble tablet. It is the steady sunshine of the soul within. Generous, forbearing people of Monterey! There is more true hospitality in one throb of your heart than circulates for years through the courts of capitols and kings!"

The kindness and charity of these people are thus pictured in an entry of December 7, 1847: "Their hospitality knows no bounds. They are always glad to see you, come when you may; take a pleasure in entertaining you while you remain; and only regret that your business calls you away. If you are sick, there is nothing that sympathy and care can devise or perform which is not done for you. . . No sister ever hung over the throbbing brain or fluttering pulse of a brother with more tenderness and fidelity. This is as true of the lady whose hand has only figured her embroidery or swept her guitar, as of the cottage girl wringing from her laundry the foam of the mountain stream; and all from the heart. If I must be cast in sickness or destitution on the care of the stranger, let it be in California."

It should not be forgotten that these entries in Colton's diary were written of people whose country was then at war with the country of which the writer was an official representative. It is difficult for the twentieth century American to get a clear vision of a people and a time so diametric to the feverish and selfish hurry of today. The kind, happy and hospitable people that Com-

modore Sloat met at Monterey in 1846, and among whom Colton lived for more than two years, inhabited a little world of their own making into which had never entered the jealousies and rivalries born of selfishness and greed.

Next to the people, Colton seems to have been most impressed by the climate. He says in an entry of November 28, 1846, "It is now near the close of that month which in other climes is often one of the most unpleasant in the year; but here it has been one of unrivaled brilliancy. The sky has been almost without a cloud, the winds have slept, and the soft air has lain on the landscape like a golden slumber. Such is the tranquil beauty in which the vernal year here sinks to repose." Again, on December 19, "The season is now verging on midwinter, and we have not had the first wrinkling frost. The hills and valleys since the recent rains, are mantled with fresh verdure, and here and there the violet opens its purple eye to the sun. The children are out at play as in June; their glancing feet are unshod, and their

muslin slips but half conceal their pulsing limbs. Even the old men from whom the ethereal fires have escaped are abroad in the same garments which covered them in midsummer." And another, February 27, 1847, "The weather continues bright and beautiful. The air is soft, the sky clear, the trees are in bud, and the fields are medallioned with flowers." And so on, through many entries.

Colton also records the impression made upon him by the scenery of the Monterey peninsula. In an entry of March 5, 1849, after he had been at Monterey nearly two years, he writes, "The scenery around Monterey, and the locale of the town arrest the first glance of the stranger. The wild waving background of forest-feathered cliffs, the green slopes, and the glimmering walls of white dwellings, and the dash of the billows on the sparkling sands of the bay fix and charm the eye. Nor does the enchantment fade by being familiarly approached. Avenues of almost endless variety lead off through the circling steeps, and winding through long, shadowy ravines, lose themselves in the vine-clad recesses of the distant hills. It is no wonder California centered her taste, pride and wealth here."

CHAPTER XVII

THE CRY OF GOLD

AMID such scenes of happiness and content were these people living when, suddenly, the cry of "Gold!" startled the world, and for a brief space the fever that spread over the earth laid hold of Monterey. But not for long. The lure of gold was never strong among its people, and if to gain this precious metal they must abandon the pleasures, the customs and the habits which for the greater part of a century had brought them continued happiness and content; and if in addition they must leave the loved environment that had become a part of their lives, then others might have the gold. What need had they for gold anyway? They already had what they wanted, and all they wanted. And so Monterey went back to her happy, care-free life; to her sunny skies and verdant hills; to her sounding surf and enchanted ravines; to her merry making and her love making; and again she was content.

It had another flutter when the Argonauts of California assembled at Monterey in September, 1849, to frame a constitution preliminary to seeking statehood for the new Eldorado. There were forty-eight delegates, and they went about their work with dignity and ability. This is the more surprising as they were mostly young men, and were overwhelmed with the generous hospitality of Monterey.

There were a few native Californians among the delegates, the most notable being General Mariano Guadalupe Vallejo of Sonoma, born at Monterey. He was a man of exceptional ability, and had long been a staunch and loyal friend of the United States. Captain John A. Sutter of Sutter's Fort was a delegate, and Dr. Robert Baylor Semple, a towering Kentuckian of Bear Flag fame, presided.

Bayard Taylor, world-famous traveler, was in California on one of his extensive tours, and went to Monterey to witness the deliberations of this unusual assemblage. In his account of what he saw and heard he expressed surprise at the dignity and ability displayed, the parliamentary decorum observed, and the generous yielding of individual, racial and sectional differences. Of the delegates composing the convention, some had come from the free states of the north, some from the slave states of the south, some from the frontier western prairies, and some were native Californians. Commenting after adjournment upon the convention, Taylor says. "Where was there ever a body convened under such

peculiar circumstances? Where was ever such harmony evolved out of so wonderful, so dangerous, so magnificent a chaos? The elements of which the convention was composed were no less various, and in some respects antagonistic, than those combined in the mining population. The questions they had to settle were often perplexing from the remarkable position of the country, and the absence of all precedent. Besides, many of them were men unused to legislation. Some had for years past known no other life than that of the camp; others had nearly forgotten all law in the wild life of the mountains; others, again, were familiar only with that practiced under the rule of a different race. Yet the cour-

tesies of debate have never been wantonly violated, and the result of every conflict of opinion has been a quiet acquiescence on the part of the minority. Now, at the conclusion, the only feeling is that of general joy and congratulation."

It would be interesting to know how much of this gratifying result was due to the calm, deliberative mind of the Anglo-Saxon, and how much to the kindness, the hospitality and the social amenities heaped upon the delegates by the people of Monterey. The convention was held in Colton Hall, a rather fine building for that time, built by Walter Colton while Alcalde of Monterey. Of the origin and architecture of this building, he says in an entry of March 8, 1849, "The town-hall, on which I have been at work for more than a year, is at last finished. It is built of a white stone quarried from a neighboring hill, and which easily takes the shape you desire. The lower apartments are for schools; the hall over them —seventy feet by thirty—is for public assemblies. The front is ornamented by a portico, which you enter from the hall. It is not an edifice which would attract any attention among public buildings in the United States, but in California it is without a rival. It has been erected out of the slender proceeds of town lots, the labor of the convicts, taxes on liquor shops, and fines on gamblers.

"The scheme was regarded with incredulity by many; but the building is finished, and the citizens have assembled in it and christened it after my name, which

will now go down to posterity with the odor of gamblers, convicts and tipplers. I leave it as an humble evidence of what may be accomplished by rigidly adhering to one purpose, and shrinking from no personal effort necessary to its achievement." Colton Hall still stands, an historic monument to the birth of a great state.

California's admission to the union soon followed, and a Mexican province became an American commonwealth.

And thus the "Gringo" came. And he proceeded at once to change the social and industrial complexion of California. He swarmed over her mountains and through her canyons in his feverish search for gold. He drove the flocks and herds from her fertile valleys, and planted grains and fruits. He introduced strange customs, and insisted on people paying for things. The lotus land of the cavalier was yielding to the spirit of commercial adventure, save here and there where old Spain lingered on, as at Monterey.

CHAPTER XVIII

THE BANDIT MURIETTA

RACIAL antagonism has ever been a source of human ills, and California was not without this trouble breeding factor. The Anglo-Saxon seeking gold, and the Latin on pleasure bent found it difficult to harmonize their views of life. The native Californians, accustomed to pastoral plenty, and the care-free pleasures of peaceful days, felt and somewhat resented the spirit of restless hurry and commercial greed introduced by the swarming invaders of their land of sweet content. On the other hand, the gold seekers had little patience with the seeming indolence and industrial backwardness of the Californian. Thus developed a race antagonism that in the years immediately following Marshall's discovery of gold and the mad rush to California, made the epithets "gringo" and "greaser" antithetically opprobrious terms.

This race antagonism gave birth to one of the most remarkable and extraordinary bandit careers of which any accurate and dependable record has ever been preserved. The story, interesting on its own account, is here related because of the illuminating picture it presents of the fundamental opposition of the two strains, Nordic and Latin, that in the early years of American occupation, met in California. The change to Anglo-Saxon rule had been sudden and complete; the gold rush in 1849 and 1850 had brought thousands of adventurers, whose sole aim was the acquirement of sudden wealth; and in those first mad years, love for California, which grows in the heart of everyone who comes within the alluring embrace of her magic charm, had to yield to the lure of gold.

Joaquin Murietta was born in Mexico, in the State of Sonora, in 1832. He came of a good family, and was educated in the schools of his native state. As a youth, he was genial and companionable and a favorite among his fellows. When a boy of seventeen, he fell desperately in love with a beautiful, black-eyed Mexican señorita of Castilian descent, named Rosita Felix, who returned his love with equal ardor.

Rosita was then sixteen, and her proud father not only frowned on the courtship, but made it so unpleasant and disagreeable for Murietta that the youthful lover left Sonora for the goldfields of California. In accordance with their agreed plans, Rosita followed him. They were married, and began life in a mining camp on the

Stanislaus river. This was in the early months of 1850, Joaquin then being eighteen and Rosita seventeen.

All accounts agree that they were then a happy couple. Murietta, according to the historian Bancroft, was of medium height, somewhat slender in figure, extremely active and athletic, and no less graceful in movement than handsome in person. He had a high forehead, an intellectual cast of countenance, large, black, blazing eyes that could kindle with enthusiasm, or melt with tenderness, and a well shaped mouth that showed at once firmness and sensuality. His manner was frank and cordial, and he had a pleasing voice. Though youthful in appearance, he had the faculty of commanding both fear and respect.

He took up a placer mining claim on the Stanislaus river, which proved to be quite rich, and which he was successfully working when the incident occurred that changed the current of his life. One evening there came to the cabin where he and Rosita were living, a party of Americans somewhat under the influence of alcoholic stimulants, and ordered him to leave the camp, telling him a Mexican had no right to mine there, and saying that they didn't propose to have any Greaser around their diggings. Pointing to Rosita, one of the visiting party with an added sneering remark said, "And take her with you." This enraged Murietta, and he hotly told the intruders that they must not speak so of his wife. A fight ensued in which Murietta was knocked senseless and Rosita was roughly handled.

They left the mining camp, and went further up in the mountains, but were again commanded to clear out, which they did. In other camps to which they wandered, Murietta found small remuneration for his toil, and it is said that he became a monte dealer, at which he prospered. This occupation was not then deemed lacking in respectability in California's mining camps.

Then occurred the final act that converted a hot-blooded, but theretofore law-abidinig Mexican, into a daring and desperate king of lawless bandits. While riding a horse he had borrowed from his half-brother, who lived on a ranch, Murietta was accosted by a party of horsemen, and charged with having stolen the animal. One of the men in the party claimed ownership, and they took the young Mexican to the ranch where the half-brother lived, hung the half-brother to a tree, and, tying Murietta to the same tree, flogged him severely. The horse had probably been stolen, but whatever may have been the truth in that regard, Murietta was innocent even of a guilty knowledge of the offense. Suffering from the physical torture of the undeserved flogging, and smarting under the humiliations to which he and Rosita had been subjected, Murietta swore an oath of vengeance, and declared war on the gringo.

Then followed a series of desperate deeds covering nearly three years of time that for boldness, daring and swiftness of execution marked Murietta as the master highwayman of a time when highway robbery was a conspicuous feature in the current news. He organized

a band of followers, recruited from members of his own race, who were skilled horsemen, unerring shots, of unquestioned courage, and unfailingly obedient to his despotic commands. His rule was absolute, and his skill in planning his campaigns of crime, and in directing their execution by his outlaw followers, amounted to genius.

Racial antagonism was a favoring factor, inasmuch as it enabled Murietta to find numerous asylums in friendly homes where the gringo was an unwelcome visitor. Revenge was, unquestionably, the initial motive of Murietta's lawless career, and had this motive continued his sole guide, an indulgent public might have forgiven much. "All mankind love a lover," and stories of daring deeds are wont to fascinate. The romantic setting was complete. A young, happy, loving wedded pair, escaping by elopement a father's wrath, had settled in a foreign land, and with every hope of a brilliant success, had begun the building of their earthly fortune. Persecuted because of race, pursued by an unkindly fate, the young husband compelled to witness the hanging of a half-brother, and himself subjected to a merciless and cruel flogging, the inducement to revenge was overpowering. There are still those who would make of Murietta a modern Robin Hood, but the truth of history compels the statement that once launched upon his lawless course, he went far beyond the limitations revenge alone would have imposed, and developed all the characteristics of a remorseless highwayman. But revenge

came first. Not long after the unmerited flogging, one of the men who wielded the lash was found dead from knife wounds. Thus began a career of crime that grew upon what it fed until an entire state took alarm, and its legislature solemnly authorized the capture of this boy bandit, "dead or alive."

Horses and cattle disappeared from ranch and range; mining camps were raided; gold from the mines in transit was intercepted; and the name of Joaquin Murietta became a household word of terror. Resistance sometimes resulted in the sacrifice of human life, and thus murder was added to the growing list of crimes.

Limited to the horse, and the horse-drawn vehicle, and without the telegraph or other means of quick communication, the officers of the law appeared impotent in the chase of these skilled and daring horsemen. Provided with swift mounts, they would suddenly and unexpectedly appear, and after the accomplishment of their designs, as suddenly disappear, and seemingly vanish from the face of the earth. It is more than probable that crimes were charged to Murietta and his band of which they had no knowledge; but the authentic list was sufficiently long—too long to permit of enumeration here.

Murietta was a man of supreme personal courage, and his daring sometimes bordered on the foolhardy. Riding into Stockton one day, he noticed a number of handbills offering a reward of one thousand dollars for his capture. He rode up to where one was tacked, wrote on it with a pencil, "I will give $5,000—Joaquin," and then

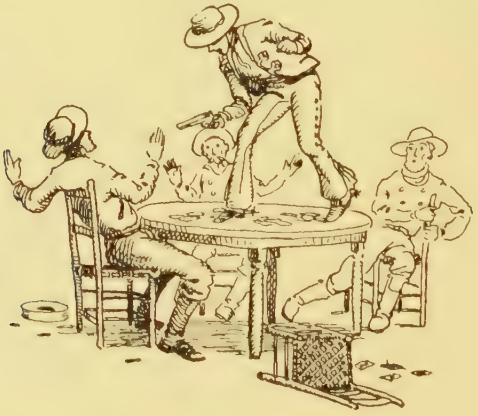
rode calmly away. On another occasion, he was seated at a gaming table in a small mining camp when the conversation turned on that livest topic of the day, and one of the men offered to bet five hundred dollars that he would kill Murietta the first time he saw him. Murietta sprang upon the table, drew his pistol, pointed it at the boastful bettor, and said, "I take your bet. I am Murietta." Striding from the room, he mounted and was off.

He rode into a mining town one day, and halting before a saloon but not dismounting, ordered a drink. As he was taking it, a man standing near recognized him and fired, but his aim was inaccurate, and the bullet merely pierced Murietta's hat. Quick as a flash, the bandit drew pistol and fired, severely wounding the man, and galloped away. At another time he was in Los

Angeles, where he learned that Deputy Sheriff Wilson of Santa Barbara, who happened also to be in Los Angeles, was on his trail, determined to take him, dead or alive. Murietta staged a sham fight in front of the hotel where Wilson stopped, and when the deputy came out to see what the trouble was, Murietta told him who he was, shot and killed him.

Other incidents tended to show a very human side of his nature. One night Murietta, with two or three of his followers came to a point on the San Joaquin river where a cattle dealer and one of his men were camping. Murietta asked and received accommodations for the night. The next morning the cattle dealer accosted him by name, upon which Murietta said, "You know me then?"

"Yes," the cattleman replied, "I recognized you when you came to our camp last night."



"Why didn't you kill me while I slept, and secure the offered reward?"

"Well," said the dealer, "you never did me any harm, and I don't like to kill men. Besides, you asked for something to eat, and if every man deserving to be hanged went supperless to bed, there would be many vacant places at table." This man and his cattle were thereafter singularly free from bandit molestation.

Another incident seemed to indicate that he had not lost his sense of chivalry. While riding with two of his band near the Sacramento river, an elk rushed past them pursued by a girl on a fine horse. Just then the girl successfully threw her lasso over the elk's horns, but found herself caught in the rope of one of Murietta's men. The astonished girl looked the fright she felt, and begged them not to harm her. Murietta promptly and sternly commanded the release of the girl.

For nearly three years this king of bandits ruled his obedient band, and bade defiance to an American commonwealth; but, of course, this couldn't last. The state authorities were finally thoroughly aroused, and in May, 1853, the legislature gave the bandit hunters such authority and inducement as to encourage more determined efforts. There was at the time in California, a man named Harry Love, by all accounts a brave man of striking appearance, who had slain many men, mostly savages, and who had been a successful hunter and slayer of wild beasts. It is said, however, that he never went beyond the law, and he is characterized as "a law-abid-

ing desperado." Backed by the legislature, this law-abiding desperado concluded he would do a little bandit hunting.

With Harry Love and Joaquin Murietta, the latter just turned twenty-one, as the principal characters, the closing scene of this stirring drama is thus described by Bancroft: "Stealthily enough, Harry Love, with his fierce eyes and flowing hair, followed upon the trail of Joaquin, spying upon him by night, and keeping under close cover by day; thirsting for blood-money, thirsting for both the blood and the money, eager to slay the slayer, and rob the robber.

"Thus the toils which must inevitably, sooner or later, end such a career, were closing around Joaquin. In the latter part of July, 1853, with eight of his rangers, Love came upon a party of Mexicans in camp near the Tejon Pass. Six of them were seated round a small fire where preparations for breakfast were going forward, while the seventh, he of the slender figure and graceful limbs, and large black eyes, and long black hair, a perfect Apollo, richly dressed, blooming in the pride of health and manly beauty, was washing down a superb bay horse at a little distance from the fire, with some water which he held in a pan. Joaquin was unknown to the rangers, who dashed into the camp before they were discovered and succeeded in cutting the robbers off from their horses. Captain Love rode up to the one standing by his horse and inquired whither they were going. 'To Los Angeles,' the chief replied. Turning to

one of the others, the captain put the same question, when an entirely different answer was returned. Joaquin bit his lip, and spoke angrily, 'I command here; address yourself to me.' He then moved a few steps toward the fire, around which lay the saddles, blankets and arms of the party. He was ordered to stop, and when he did not heed, Love cocked his revolver upon him, and told him to stand or he would shoot. The chief tossed his hair back scornfully, while his eyes blazed with the lightnings of his wrath, and stepping backward, he again stood by the side of his handsome steed, his jeweled hand resting lightly on its mane. Three-Fingered Jack stood a little distance away, fully armed and waiting for his chief. At this critical moment Lieutenant Byrnes, with whom Joaquin was well acquainted, moved up, and Joaquin, realizing that the game was up, called out to his followers to save themselves as best they could, and threw himself on the back of his charger without saddle or bridle, and sped down the mountain like a tempest. He leaped his horse over a precipice, when he fell, but was on his feet again in a moment, and remounting, the daring rider dashed on. Close at his heels came the rangers, firing as they rode, and soon the gallant steed, struck in the side, fell to earth, and Joaquin ran on afoot. Three balls had pierced his body when he turned with a lifted hand toward his pursuers, and called out, 'It is enough; the work is done,' reeled, fell upon his right arm, and sinking slowly down before his pursuers, gave up the ghost without a groan."

It is difficult accurately to appraise and stamp the life and character of Joaquin Murietta. His oft repeated crimes, and his defiance of constituted authority, invited and justified his ignominious and untimely death. But there was an earlier and a better Murietta which three years of bandit outlawry cannot wholly hide from view. At the age of eighteen, he was a loving and devoted husband, and a law respecting man; at twenty-one, the most noted and the most daring highwayman on the American continent. Of his ability, amounting to genius, there can be no doubt, the proof is full and clear. Of his romantic and chivalrous qualities there is also abundant proof. That he came to be defiant of the law and regardless of human life is also true. In a brief life that barely touched the threshold of full manhood, he had been a pleasing play-

mate, a studious youth, an ardent lover, a devoted husband, a leader of men, and an acknowledged king of bandits.

So far as can be ascertained, he came from a respectable and law-abiding family, and a home of domestic happiness and content. He was happily married. He was young, intelligent and handsome. Suddenly, in a day, he became a law-defying criminal.

How far Murietta, in his own heart, may have justified his lawless course can never be known. We only know that there was provocation to revenge, and that he frequently dwelt upon the wrongs which he felt he had suffered. The latter, as the lawyers would say, may be held to be "self serving declarations," but they do tend to show the thoughts that occupied his mind.

Here is a subject for the mental and moral philosopher. He can weave into his thesis such factors as youthful impetuosity, revenge, racial antagonism, the breaking up of the old pastoral days, the mad rush of gold seekers, the wild life of the mining camp, the lawless tendency of pioneer times, and the constant iteration of the epithets gringo and greaser.

Poor Rosita returned to Mexico, but not to the home of her father. She went to the house of Joaquin's father, where she lived out a quiet and sorrowing life.

CHAPTER XIX

A CONTENTED ARCADIA

THE three decades stretching from 1850 to 1880 wrought tremendous changes in California. A remote Mexican province became a great American commonwealth. With characteristic American haste and expedition, a state constitution was adopted, members of Congress chosen, a state legislature elected and convened, a code of state laws enacted, and United States Senators selected and their credentials presented at Washington, all before our national Congress had admitted California into the Union, or even provided a territorial form of government. Indeed, so urgent and insistent were California's impetuous pioneers that on September 9, 1850, without territorial probation, the new Eldorado was endowed by Congressional authority with all the powers and privileges of a sovereign state.

The Argonauts of '49 found some twenty thousand contented Californians enjoying the delightful tranquil-

ity of a pastoral peace. At the close of these three decades, a million restless Americans were energetically developing the wonderful and varied resources of a rich and prosperous commonwealth. The early migration to California was epochal. Robert Glass Cleland says, "There is no way of determining with any fair degree of accuracy how many persons came to California from the rest of the United States in the years immediately following the discovery of gold. The migration, however, was so stupendous as to outrank in point of numbers anything of its kind in the nation's history, and to stand on an equal footing with some of the great world movements of population."

By land and by sea, in covered wagon and in clipper ship, a ceaseless human tide flowed westward toward the land of gold. Then followed tumultuous days. A great state was in the making. The lure of gold had brought together a bold, aggressive, and more or less reckless band of adventurous pioneers. They came without thought or intent of permanent abode, but the varied and mighty possibilities of California, together with its subtle charm, held them.

The mines received their first and eager attention, and soon there was flowing eastward a steady stream of gold whose increasing volume sustained the credit of our nation in its darkest hour of peril. Agricultural opportunities next attracted attention, and grain fields of empire extent soon covered California's great central plain, whose prodigious harvests of wheat and barley were exported across both oceans. Then came the orchard and the vineyard, heralds of a wonderful land of fruit and flowers.

The sand dunes of Yerba Buena became metropolitan San Francisco, whose turbulent population, gathered from every quarter of the globe, required at times the strong and vigorous restraint and discipline of the vigilante. It was an era of feverish and restless activity. American enterprise was discovering and developing the hitherto unsuspected resources of a new-found empire. Throughout California, "from Siskiyou to San Diego, from Sierra to the sea," the ceaseless surge of

American energy awakened from its slumbers the land of pastoral peace.

There was one notable exception. Monterey went serenely on in peaceful quiet and content, unmindful of the bustling activities, whose echoes she but faintly heard. It was a strange anomoly—and yet not strange. Those happy Californians, whose social life centered at Monterey, saw no enhancement of their joy through the strenuous activities introduced by the Anglo-Saxon invaders; while the pioneers of '49, and the vast hordes that followed them, sought wealth and adventure, and gave little thought or heed to the Arcadian delights of those to whom California had become a land of sweet romance.

Thus Monterey, shut off from the whirl of the gold rush, became the center of a little world where the beauties of family life were preserved, where cavalier and señorita continued their social delights, where ceremonial customs still prevailed, where generous hospitality survived, and where the patio retained its magic charm. Here came the world wanderer, lured by the local enchantment and the climatic excellence of this peaceful haven. Here came the painter and the poet to find a fitting field for brush and pen. Here came Robert Louis Stevenson, who found in forested heights, in deep, shadowy ravines, and in the quiet recesses formed by jutting headlands, the inspiration for "Treasure Island." Here came Charles Warren Stoddard, whose love for the Monterey peninsula so grew upon him that he made it

his permanent home, and where amid the scenes he loved, he is sleeping his last, long sleep. Here came Jules Tavernier, whose canvases are in demand wherever art is admired. Here came Joseph Strong, the great portrait painter, who married a daughter of Mrs. Stevenson, and whose son, Austin, is now a gifted and successful playwright. Here came Joseph Strong's sister, Elizabeth, who acquired fame as a painter of animals. Here came Julian Rix, whose landscapes brought him fame and fortune. Here came Henry Heyman, whose skill with the violin brought him a knighthood from King Kalakaua, and who wore kid gloves to picnics and other outdoor festivities to preserve the delicate touch of his magical fingers.

And so the colony of art and letters steadily grew, bringinig to a pleasure loving people the fruits of talented gifts, and finding there those rare and radiant days, that scenic beauty, and that indescribable charm that invoke the muses, and invite to literary and artistic effort.

With the Stevensons was Mrs. Stevenson's youngest sister, Nellie van de Grift, now widely known as Nellie van de Grift Sanchez, whose "Spanish and Indian Place Names of California, Their Meaning and Romance," is but one of her rich contributions to our voluminous Californiana. Mrs. Sanchez has delightful memories of the Monterey of Stevenson and Stoddard, where as a girl, she joined in the festivities that were characteristic of Monterey's social life. The weekly balls which every-

body attended, and where Spanish dances were popular, were supplemented by frequent fandangos in private homes. And those wonderful picnics at Cypress Point! Through the forest-covered hills, and over the sand dunes skirting the beach, they journeyed until they came to the rocky headlands where the cypress grew. There, in the cavernous depths of these strangely fascinating groves, bohemian jollity reigned, while merry wit, enlivening song, and woodland sport gave appetite for the barbecue that followed.

These cypress groves are peculiar to the Monterey peninsula, and are found nowhere else in the world. How they got there is one of nature's secrets. Writing of them some years later than Mrs. Sanchez' notes, Stoddard said, "If one wished to forget the world, he drove through a wilderness to Cypress Point, now threaded by a drive which is one of the features of Del Monte Hotel life. It was solemn enough of yore. The gaunt trees were hung with funereal mosses; they had huge elbows

and shoulders, and long, thin arms, with skeleton fingers at the ends of them, that bore knots that looked like heads and faces, such as Dore portrayed in his fantastic illustrations. They were like giants transformed.

"They stand upon the verge of the sea, where they have stood for ages, defying the elements. The shadows that gather under their locked branches are like caverns and dungeons and lairs, as you grope among the roots

that writhe out of the earth and strike it again like pythons in a rage. And here are corpse-like trees, that have been naked for ages; every angle of their lean, gray boughs seems to imply something. Who will interpret these hieroglyphics? Blood-red sunsets flood this haunted wood; there is a sound as of a deep drawn sigh passing through it at intervals. The moonlight fills it with mystery; and along its rocky front, where the sea flowers blossom, and the sea grass waves its glossy locks, the soul of the poet and the artist meet and mingle between shadowless sea and cloudless sky in the unsearchable mystery of that cypress solitude."

Such was the woodland playground of these revelers who wrought with brush and pen, and who left on canvas and on printed page enduring monuments of their lofty talents inspired by Arcadian surroundings.

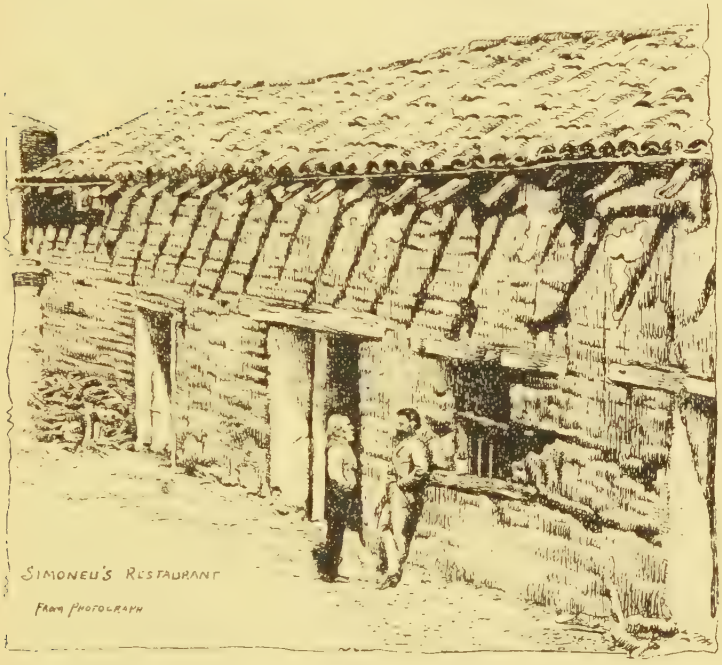
In the town of Monterey were two celebrated rendezvous where these Bohemians gathered; the Simoneau restaurant and the Sanchez saloon. Jules Simoneau was a rare and beautiful character. A Frenchman, a lover of art and letters, fond of the companionship of writers and painters, gentle and refined, careless of worldly wealth, his modest restaurant drew within its genial walls the artist colony of Monterey. Between Simoneau and Stevenson there developed a remarkable and enduring friendship. Stevenson spent many hours with Simoneau, with whom he "played chess and discussed the universe." Stevenson later wrote, "Of all my private collection of remembered inns and restau-

rants, one particular house of entertainment stands forth alone. I am grateful indeed to many a swinging sign board, to many a rusty wine bush, but not with the same kind of gratiutde. Some were beautifully situated, some had an admirable table, some were gathering places of excellent companies, but take them all for all, not one can be compared with Simoneau's of Monterey."

In an account of his first visit to Monterey, Stoddard says, "We breakfasted at Simoneau's, in the inner room, with its frescoes done in beer and shoe blacking by a brace of hungry Bohemians, who used to frequent the place, and thus settle their bill." Similar works of art adorned the walls of the Sanchez saloon, where the finest quality of wine and wit marked the assemblage of kindred and congenial souls. On the panels of the bar were some beautiful and artistic scenes done in water colors by Tavernier. These priceless souvenirs are now in possession of the Sanchez family.

Courtesy, ceremony and simple honesty lived on in Monterey. In his "Old Pacific Capital," Stevenson says, "It was a matter of perpetual surprise to find in that world of mannerless Americans, a people full of deportment, solemnly courteous, and doing all things with grace and decorum. In dress they ran to color and bright sashes. Not even the most Americanized could always resist the temptation to stick a red rose into his hat-band. Not even the most Americanized would descend to wear the vile dress hat of civilization. Spanish was the language of the streets. It was difficult to get along without

a word or two of that language for an occasion." Nor had the manner of love making changed. As Stevenson tells us, "Night after night, serenaders would be going about the street, sometimes in a company with several instruments and voices together, sometimes severally,



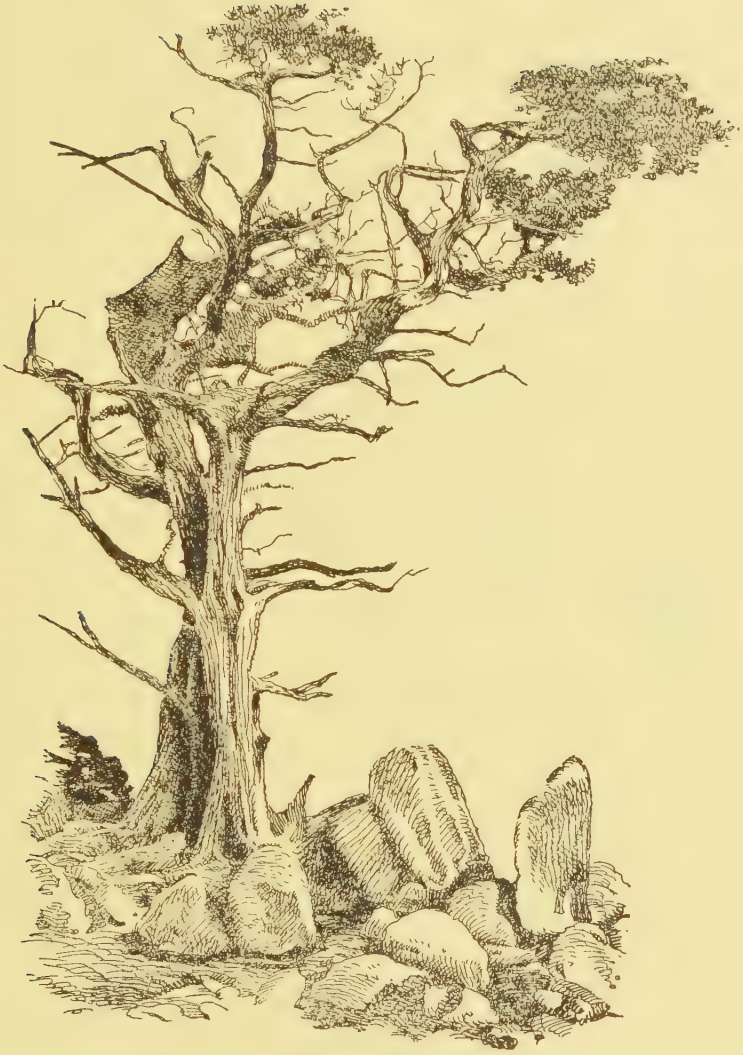
each guitar before a different window. It was a strange thing to lie awake in nineteenth century America, and hear the guitar accompany, and one of those old, heart-breaking, Spanish love songs mount into the night air."

In the hills and valleys tributary to Monterey, stock

raising continued the principal industry, the rodeo the principal annual event, and the horse the principal means of passenger transportation. "The smallest excursion," says Stevenson, "was made on horseback. . . In a place so exclusively Mexican as Monterey, you saw not only Mexican saddles, but true vaquero riding—men always at the hand-gallop up hill and down dale, and around the sharpest corner, urging their horses with cries and gesticulations, checking them dead with a touch, or wheeling them right-about-face in a square yard."

Mrs. Sanchez tells of the horseback rides about Monterey, and of one occasion when they "joined a party of friends who accompanied a band of vaqueros in a great rodeo on the San Francisquito Rancho near Monterey. . . We rode for days from station to station, through a delightful country, under the feathery, scented redwoods, and beside clear mountain streams in which the trout leaped. We slept in barns on the hay, or in the far-from-downy rawhide cots in the ranch shanties, and subsisted on freshly killed beef, hastily barbecued over the camp fire, coming back to Monterey sun-burned to a fine mahogany."

Mrs. Sanchez quite properly reminds us that being out of the beaten track of travel, far distant from the mines as measured by the means of travel of that day, and with but slight business or social relations with Americanized and commercialized San Francisco, Monterey "had dreamed away the years since American oc-



cupation, and still retained much of the flavor of the pastoral days of Spanish California." Then remembering the girlhood days spent there in the time of Stevenson and Stoddard, she adds, "Those were dolce far niente days at Monterey, dreamy romantic days, spent beneath the bluest sky, beside the bluest sea, and in the best company on earth, and all glorified by the rainbow hues of youth."

And the spell that caught and held Vizcaino three hundred years ago, and which is so feelingly expressed by Mrs. Sanchez, still lives at Monterey. The Monterey peninsula has ever been, and probably will ever be a playground. Stock raising has been driven into the near-by mountains, whence radiates something of the old pastoral charm of equestrian days. The numerous fishing fleet of small boats that daily rides at anchor in the Monterey harbor adds a peculiar and pleasing picturesqueness to the town. There is no other industry on the peninsula of sufficient importance to merit special attention.

The call of the Monterey peninsula was never industrial. Its lure has ever been a genial sky, a delightful playground and pleasure loving companions. Its dwellers have increased in number; outdoor pleasures have multiplied; and this perennial playground of the Don has taken on new life and color. But the spirit of the Don still abides, and old Spain lingers on.

CHAPTER XX

SOME CURIOUS CONTRASTS

THE lure of the Monterey peninsula has brought within its circle of enchantment a strange mosaic of diverse communities. The common and dominant note of satisfied content runs through them all, but the means employed by each community in the pursuit of its ideal is peculiarly and strikingly divergent. In one, religion holds the key that unlocks the door of happiness, and discloses the quiet abode of puritan serenity. In another, literature and art, led by the spirit of Bohemia, invite to intellectual joy and informal merriment. In yet another, a vast playground out-of-doors entices the pleasure seeker to its alluring and perennial charms. And in the midst of these more recently developed communities, quaint old Monterey moves serenely on in her accustomed way, giving little heed to the intruders who have elbowed

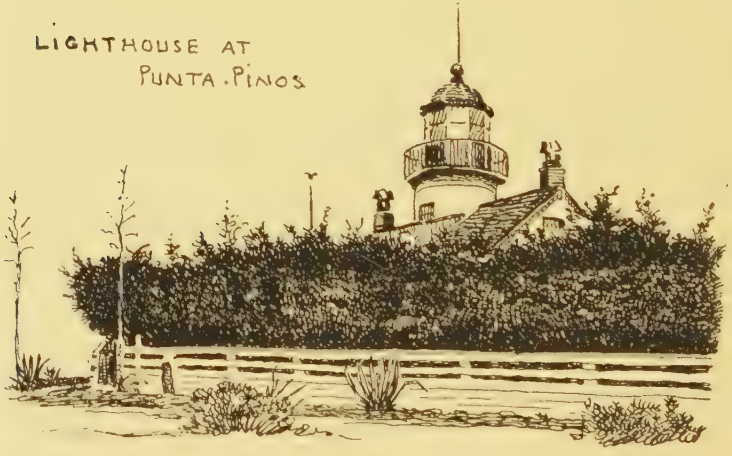
their way into the favored region once exclusively her own.

On June 1, 1875, seven Methodist ministers met in the Howard Street Methodist Church in San Francisco, and organized the Pacific Grove Retreat Association. Camp-meeting activities had disclosed to these leaders the favoring clime and the scenic beauty of the Monterey peninsula. There in a wonderful grove on the northern side of the peninsula, oceanward from but adjacent to Monterey, several camp-meetings had been held, and the location had proved so alluring that the church authorities determined to utilize it permanently for outdoor religious gatherings.

Negotiations with the owner of the grove and adjoining beach resulted in a mutual agreement whereby the owner was to subdivide his land into blocks and lots, the use of which when sold was to be subject to the restrictive regulations prescribed by the Retreat Association. Thus the owner looked forward to profitable sales to religious devotees, and the leaders of the movement saw a future community whose conduct and morals would be in their keeping.

A few years later, in 1879, while the project was still in its initial stages, Robert Louis Stevenson, in one of his daily rambles over the peninsula, came upon a scene which he thus describes in his "Old Pacific Capital": "One day—I shall never forget it—I had taken a trail that was new to me. After a while the woods began to open, the sea to sound nearer at hand. I came upon a

road and, to my surprise, a stile. A step or two further, and without leaving the woods, I found myself among trim houses. I walked through street after street, parallel and at right angles, paved with sward and dotted with trees, but still undeniable streets, and each with its name posted at the corner, as in a real town. Facing down the main thoroughfare—Central Avenue, it was ticketed—I saw an open-air temple, with benches and sounding board, as though for an orchestra. The houses were all tightly shuttered; there was no smoke, no sound but of the waves, no moving thing. I have never been in any place that seemed so dream-like. Pompeii is all in a bustle with visitors, and its antiquity and strangeness deceive the imagination; but this town had plainly not been built above a year or two, and perhaps had been deserted over night. Indeed, it was not so much like a



deserted town as like a scene upon the stage by daylight, and with no one on the boards. The barking of a dog led me at last to the only house still occupied, where a Scotch pastor and his wife pass the winter alone in this empty theater. The place was 'The Pacific Camp Grounds, The Christian Seaside Resort.' Thither, in the warm season, crowds come to enjoy a life of teetotalism, religion and flirtation, which I am willing to think blameless and agreeable."

Such was the beginning of the present beautiful city of Pacific Grove, whose four thousand inhabitants continue to "enjoy a life of teetolism and religion," and possibly that "flirtation" which Stevenson was willing to think "blameless and agreeable." The dominant note in the social and political harmony of Pacific Grove is regulation. Beginning as a Methodist camp-meeting,

under the benevolent despotism of clerical authority, with rules for personal conduct rigidly and numerously prescribed, it has evolved into a full fledged municipality in whose ordinances is found a complete and detailed guide for the daily deportment of its people. As one writer has jokingly remarked, your welfare is so carefully looked after that about the only thing omitted is "tucking you in bed, and kissing you goodnight."

All little children who have not passed their eighteenth birthday must be home by eight o'clock in winter, and nine o'clock in summer, unless permission to remain out beyond these hours has been obtained from parent or guardian. And only recently, after a hard fought and narrowly won battle, have the all-embracing Sunday closing ordinances been sufficiently relaxed to permit these children to visit the "movies" on the first day of the week. Dancing is frowned upon, and skating rinks are deemed to be of "doubtful propriety." Bathing at the beach is permitted, but under careful regulation as to natatory apparel.

One potent factor that has helped to mold the character of this "Winter Paradise," as Pacific Grove is lovingly called, is the power lodged in the Retreat Association to regulate the use that may be made of the lots into which the city has been divided. This power is exercised by a Board of Trustees, under clerical guidance and control, and is in addition to and independent of the governmental authority exercised by the municipality. The result is a sort of dual control which, while it could have

little lure for the pleasure loving Don, would make a congenial environment for the Pilgrim Fathers, could they return to us. The town is, indeed, a bit of puritan New England transplanted to the land of the Spanish cavalier, and in striking contrast to the village on the opposite side of the peninsula, some five miles distant, Carmel-by-the-Sea.

Within sound of the old Mission bells, guarding the ocean entrance to the beautiful Carmel valley, this little town faces a gently sloping beach of clean white sand, over which lazily break the waves of quiet Carmel bay. Originally a forest, its beauties lay unrevealed save to the old padres of the Mission until the opening year of the present century, when J. F. Devendorf and Frank H. Powers, men with discerning vision, saw the possibilities it had hitherto concealed. Here they founded a city whose population has already reached and passed two

thousand, and whose rare and striking individuality sets it apart from all other American municipalities.

If Pacific Grove be deemed unique, Carmel is not less so. If the dominant note at Pacific Grove be regulation, the chief characteristic at Carmel may be denominated individual freedom. It would be difficult to conceive of two cities more unlike in municipal character and governmental policy. Two controlling ideas have ever marked the growth and development of Carmel: the least possible disturbance of nature, and a minimum of personal restraint. Wooded slopes garlanded with flowers, bordering cliffs that look out upon the Pacific, a sandy beach caressed by gentle waves, and the balmy days of perpetual springtime; these were the lure. Lovers of nature, lovers of art, lovers of books, lovers of music, lovers of delightful companionship; these were the lured.

Among the first to answer Carmel's call was David Starr Jordan, whose love of nature guided him unerringly to this new found paradise. Mary Austin, George Sterling, a few artists and writers strayed into this dawning center of literature and art, and yielded to its lure. And then, in the language of a recent writer, "Word filtered through to the outside world that here were beauty, inspiration, a still backwater 'undisturbed by the rush of the passing current.' Brother artists came visiting—were caught and held by golden sunsets, enchanted woods, gnarled cypresses, rainbow-hued waters —and sent for their typewriters and their easels."

Such was the beginning of Carmel, and the spirit that attended its birth still guides its maturer years. Now it is a full-fledged municipality, with a complete equipment of government machinery, and a local code of laws in the form of municipal ordinances. But it gives scant heed to the cry of industrial development, and even less to the outward forms of religious ceremony. Of Carmel it may be said, as was said by one who endeavored to picture the mythical realm of Bohemia, "It is the land of staunch comradeship, of kindly sympathy, and kindred intellect; where hearts beat high, and hands clasp firm, where poverty is no disgrace, and charity does not chill; the land where the primitive virtues have fled from the shams of society, and where Mrs. Grundy holds no sway."

The true spirit of Carmel has been caught and revealed by Daisy F. Bostick and Dorothea Castlehun in a charming book recently published—1925—entitled, "Carmel at Work and Play." We are told that while the residents vehemently condemn all systematic efforts to enlarge the town, increase its population, or make so-called improvements at the expense of its natural beauties, they are really quite normal in their acceptance of the comforts of civilization. "They use bathtubs, toothbrushes and vacuum cleaners without protest, and they enjoy electric lights, telephones and good plumbing. On the other hand, they make no bid for industries with smoke stacks, dinner pails and pay rolls. One real estate folder frankly says, 'For those who seek a place

to vent their enterprise in money-making, Carmel is perhaps the most unfortunate choice that could be made on the Pacific Coast.' "

Of Carmel's "Main Street," these delightfully entertaining writers say, "Ocean Avenue is a curious blend of old and new, of the picturesque and the ordinary, of art and commerce. In these varied shop fronts you are given a thumb-nail sketch of the life in Carmel today. Dingy wooden buildings of the mining town type recognizable to any movie-goer; recently painted, plate-glassed little stores on lines familiar to the citizens of any prosperous town in the West; an efficient looking brand new bank; these are some of the fronts representing both old and new settlers who came to Carmel just to live, not necessarily to express their soul yearnings with pen or brush.

"Mixed in with these are those original little shops, planned and executed and occupied by artists who see no reason why trade should not be housed in beauty. The visitor exclaims in delight, 'How charming! How European!' And, indeed, there is a touch of English in the half timber of this one, and the thatched roof effect and funny little bow window of that one. A flavor of Italy is twisted into the wrought-iron sign swinging from the front of the Court of the Golden Bough, about which cluster some of the most interesting and lovely of the Carmel shops. . . .

"When Carmel is playing, it doesn't matter whether your shop is stucco with brightly painted window-boxes, or whether it is clapboard of sober gray. If you can act, or play baseball—and you don't even need to be specially good at it so long as you enjoy doing it—you have your place in Carmel community life, where author and grocer, artist and druggist, poet and plumber all play joyously together.

"There isn't a tired business man in Carmel, for few of the shopkeepers allow business to interfere with pleasure. To do some business each day is all right, but to pursue more of it too eagerly would be liable to brand one a worshipper of the Golden Calf. This makes shopping something of a game of chance. You are not expected to want to buy anything before ten o'clock, and even later than that, if the store be open, you may walk in and find no traces of a proprietor, though the cash register may be trustingly open. Generally, however, stepping

to the door and looking inquiringly up and down the street will bring results. From a knot of people occupying the middle of the sidewalk, a gentleman will detach himself reluctantly, and saunter back to his shop to wait on you. . . . Or attempting to enter the drug store some afternoon, you may find upon the door a note informing you, 'Have gone home for a nap. Back at five.'

"Carmel business men always have time to gather in groups on the sidewalk and argue about town improvements, to take part in plays, and to show a great interest in the arts. You can scarcely find one whose entire life and thought are devoted to business only, or who has always been in business. . . . One of the realtors displays a very good collection of paintings on his wall. The proprietor of The Seven Arts was a professional actor and stage director. The man who owns the news stand has a collection of bugs that would be a valuable acquisition to any museum. The Cinderella Shop is presided over by a former short story writer. The local plumber has only lately retired from carrying a spear in Forest Theater productions. A genial plasterer declares that acting is his real vocation, and that he plasters only as an avocation. The man who sells fine golf togs was a pageant director in the East, and is one of the best amateur actors in the community. The owner of the shops and theater which form the Court of the Golden Bough was a professional cellist, and formerly business manager of one of the largest symphony orchestras in the West. The host of the comfortable inn on Ocean Avenue

reads Hamlet by day, and rehearses in local shows at night. The candy and restaurant man was once a sparring partner for a famous prize fighter. The hardware man was formerly a dancing teacher. The proprietor of the flower shop called The Bloomin' Basement is the wife of one of America's best known writers, who gets something like a dollar a word for his stories.

"After the day has really begun, Ocean Avenue becomes a place of much life and movement. Apparently everybody in Carmel 'counts that day lost whose low-descending sun' has not witnessed him making at least one trip to the shops and the postoffice. There is no mail delivery in Carmel, and you are likely to meet almost everybody you know at the postoffice at ten, one and seven o'clock, the three times when mail is distributed.

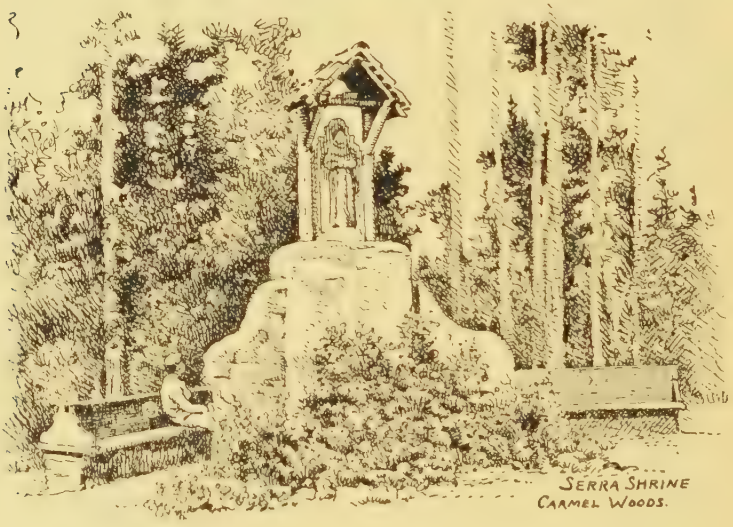
"At the upper end of the avenue are gathered the garages, the movie hall and the big livery stable. After this, the avenue turns off and wanders across into the Eighty-Acre tract to look for wild flowers under the trees."

The one dominant and constant note that runs through the life of the community is art. Here are gathered poets and painters, writers and sculptors, dramatists and musicians whose finished products, whether of brush or pen, have a world wide distribution. Carmel has also attracted many who enjoy the companionship of talented men and women, and who find a fascination in forested and flower-bedecked slopes, fern-bedded ravines, snow white beaches, and a genial sky that invites

to a life outdoors. And all Carmel loves to play; not the play of pent-up city life, but play under the open sky, in the forest depths, on sandy beach or in foaming surf. Here there are "beach suppers, with mussel-bakes; bonfires with singing, story telling and impromptu burlesques; community dinners prepared on outdoor grills; masquerades, fiestas and fetes."

As Stevenson and Simoneau "played chess and discussed the universe," so at these joyous gatherings, merry quip and mirth-provoking persiflage are frequently interspersed with learned and illuminating discussions of the world's problems.

Probably Carmel's most unique playground is her Forest Theater, where nature has provided a spacious



amphitheater, with stage and auditorium, where may be seen and heard every form of musical and dramatic art, locally written, staged and acted. "But," say the authors of Carmel at Work and Play, "if you want to see all Carmel at play, you have only to go up into Carmel Woods any Sunday afternoon and watch the progress of a Carmel baseball game, played by the famous Abalone League. Here you find boys of ten and fifteen on the same team with boys of forty and fifty. Each team has several girl members. Writers, painters, the doctor and the druggist, business men of every line, wood choppers and retired capitalists, all come out with equal faithfulness each week. They play against one another under the proud titles of Sardines, Whales, Seals, Sandabs, Goldfish and Sharks. The score is carefully kept, and at the close of the season, which covers most of the year, the losers give a big banquet to the winning team.

"The thrills you get from a hard fought battle on the Carmel diamond rival those of an Eastern 'serious.' After a hasty decision the umpire is likely to go about looking for a knife with which to cut his throat and be out of his misery. Many a player who reached a base not wisely but too well spends the following week on crutches. A good play always receives flattering recognition. When someone makes a home run with the bases full, both players and spectators crowd up and shake hands enthusiastically with the hero. There is no Carmel institution more characteristically democratic than its Sunday afternoon baseball."

Another characteristic of Carmel that makes the town almost sui generis among American municipalities is its freedom from crime. Doors are seldom locked, theft is almost unknown, and crimes of violence are so rare as to be negligible. While the criminal laws of California extend to Carmel as to every other political subdivision of the state, and while she is fully equipped with appropriate judicial machinery, there has never been a criminal trial in Carmel. Typical of its simple honesty and trustfulness are the Milk Shrines. "To the newcomer," to quote again from Carmel at Work and Play, "they look like little empty, openfaced bookshelves set on stilts. Slightly withdrawn from the footpath or sidewalk, if such there be, the milk shrines stand in lonely patience under the trees, one to every two blocks. The shelves are divided into pigeonholes with real or imaginary partitions separating them, and the name of the claimant to the space thumbtacked to the back of the compartment. Here every evening gather the bottles, each with its exact twelve cents, or a neat little milk ticket. The following morning, out sallies the writer or artist, in bathrobe and slippers more than likely, to find with satisfaction that the cows have made the rounds and left him his daily portion of cream or milk." In similar spirit, the news stand is frequently left without an attendant, but you will see a sign reading, "Take one. You can drop the money in the slot in the door."

The children of Carmel are a gay and happy lot of youngsters, whose literary and artistic environment has

much to do with the character of their play. "Dancing, painting, acting, playwriting, singing, costuming—all these things are being done with so healthy a spontaneity by the Carmel youngsters that it is apparent to the most casual observer that Carmel's present reputation for individuality will not be lost in the years to come." Like their elders, the children live largely out of doors. They gambol in the streets and shady by-ways, and curfew never rings at Carmel. The community pins its faith to mother love and parental guidance, and Carmel's wholesome, healthy, vigorous and well trained children are justifying this faith.

Though a law abiding community, Carmel has felt that no municipal organization is really complete without a police force. But Carmel's entire police department, when fully assembled, numbers just two—one

man and one horse. And there is probably no more efficient police force in the world. Woe betide the visiting motorists who exceeds the limit of speed prescribed by local ordinance. Resident owners of automobiles have long since learned their lesson. And woe betide either resident or visitor who transgresses any one of the many ordinances looking to the preservation of nature's beauties. This is an unforgivable crime in Carmel. And as to the occasional itinerant undesirable, he never lingers long in Carmel.

August Englund is the chief of this unique constabulary, whose sole assistant is a wonderful black horse

named "Beauty." Again quoting from Carmel at Work and Play, "Gus without his black horse seems as incomplete as one-half of a pair of scissors. If you're friendly with the Marshal—meaning Gus—he'll stop and chat a bit. He'll give you a rare shy smile, and show you how nicely Beauty can do a showy bit of side stepping. Your last view of him is an erect figure in khaki seated on a big black horse gracefully waltzing down the hillside."

CHAPTER XXI

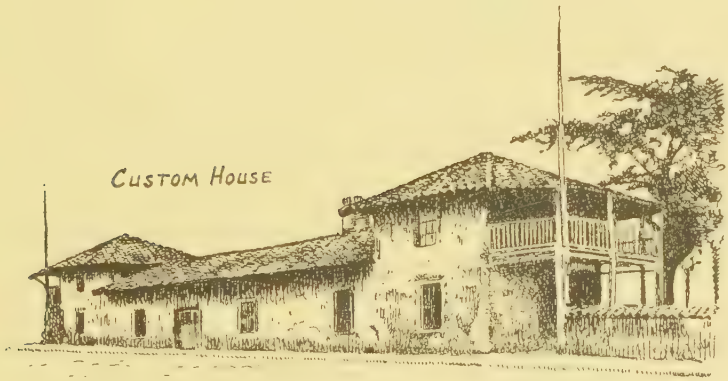
THE OLD PACIFIC CAPITAL

AMID these curious contrasts the "Old Pacific Capital" retains its quaint and peculiar charm and lives on in satisfied content. Rich in historic memory, unmoved by the feverish activities of a commercial age, Monterey has been slow to depart from the pleasant paths along which she has found such happiness and delight. Down through the centuries she has marched with dignity and grace, ever cultivating and practicing those ceremonial courtesies that have left an indelible impress upon her daily life.

The visitor to this old historic town will find no towering skyscrapers nor throbbing centers of commerce, but he will find a business center with clean and well paved streets and modern and well conducted shops. He will find no palatial dwellings whose architectural splendors typify the luxurious display of inordinate wealth, but he will find the pleasing and fascinating picture of charming homes in a picturesque setting under the spell of an

historic background. He will breathe the lingering air of old Spain as he observes about him surviving evidence of the old Spanish days. And he will also find here interesting reminders of the beginning of American occupation and the birth of a great American state.

The old Custom House and Colton Hall will, of course, claim first attention, but as the visitor wanders through the town and its quiet purlieus he will find many other objects of interest to engage his attention. Near Colton Hall still stands the old Larkin house, built by Thomas O. Larkin, an American, in 1834. Larkin was one of the few Americans who came thus early to Monterey, and he there became a notable figure. He established the first wholesale store in the town, cultivated friendly relations with the Californians, entertained with a generous hospitality, became the first, and only, American consul, and smoothed over many difficulties that arose



out of local hostilities engendered by Fremont's unwelcome visit and the Bear Flag incident. Many cascarone balls were given in the old Larkin home. The character and the cost of one of these social functions is shown by Larkin's carefully and systematically kept accounts: "Two dozen bottles wine, $19. One and a half dozen bottles of beer, $13.50. Thirty pies, $13. Cake, $12. Box of raisins, $4. Cheese, $1.50. Nine bottles of aguardiente (whiskey), $13.50. Music, $25. Nine pounds of sperm candles, $9. Five pounds of sugar, $3. Other eatables, $5. Servants, $4." Like all Gaul, these expenses may be divided into three parts: wine, beer and whiskey, $46; pies, cake, raisins, cheese, sugar and other eatables, $38.50, and music, lighting and servants, $38; a total of $122.50 for an evening's entertainment.

Near the Larkin house is the old adobe, also built by Larkin, where General Sherman, then Lieutenant Sherman, had his headquarters in 1847. Over on Alvarado Street, Monterey's principal thoroughfare, was the Sherman Rose cottage, since removed to another part of town to make way for a bank building. Around this cottage has been woven a legend that has persisted through the years. As the story runs, the brilliant young American Lieutenant fell in love with the fascinating dark eyed Señorita Maria Ygnacio Bonifacio, daughter of a proud Spanish family, who reciprocated the affections of the blue eyed American. Calling to make his final adieus before taking his departure for the east, where he had been ordered, he presented a rose to the Señorita which

they together planted under her window, with mutual vows of fidelity and a promise upon the part of the young Lieutenant that when the rose bloomed he would return to claim her for his bride. The rose grew and bloomed and became a trailing and blossoming vine that overran the low adobe that is still called the Sherman Rose cottage. But Sherman never returned. Instead he marched from Atlanta to the sea and into the Hall of Fame, while the Señorita who helped him plant the rose remained unmarried, and concealed her disappointment beneath a sweetness and beauty of character that shed a soft radiance about her until she went to her final rest more than half a century later.

The House of the Four Winds, so called because of a roof that sloped four ways with a weather vane at its peak, was also built by Larkin. It was the first Hall of Records in the new state and the first Recorder of Monterey County had his office there. It is today a meet-

ing place for civic organizations, and the weekly luncheons of Monterey's Chamber of Commerce are there held.

On Decatur Street, not far from the old Custom House, is the first house built of brick in California. It was built in 1848 by a young Virginian named Dickinson who started to California with the ill-fated Donner party in 1846, but who escaped the Donner Lake tragedy by joining those who left the Donner party at Fort Bridger and took a different route to California. Near-by, also on Decatur Street, is the old whaling station, built in 1855, and notable in its day when Monterey was an important and profitable whaling center. A curious reminder of the whaling days is the Whale Bone House, a private residence, where each joint of mamal vertebrae is treasured. Whales are still frequently seen in the waters of the bay and are occasionally taken for profit.

At Scott and Pacific Streets is California's first theatre, now a tea house and curio shop. At main and Franklin streets is the site of California's first convent, founded in 1851 by three nuns of the Dominican Order under the direction of Right Rev. Joseph Alemany, Bishop of Monterey. It was here that Conception Arguello donned the robes of Dominican sisterhood and became the convent's, and therefore California's, first novitiate.

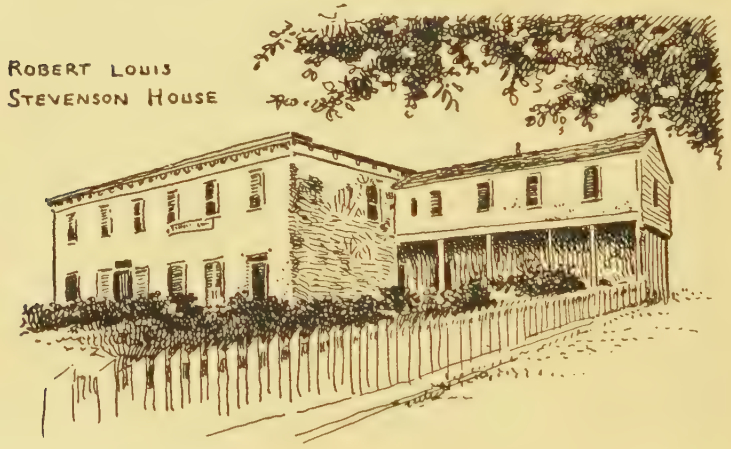
Monterey was prolific in "first things." It was the first white settlement on the Pacific coast of North America within what is now United States territory. It was California's birthplace and her first capital. Here, in 1846,

was published California's first newspaper. Commodore Sloat took possession of Monterey on July 7, 1846, and placed Robert Colton in charge as Alcalde. On the 15th of the following month he and Dr. Robert Baylor Semple issued the first number of "The Californian." They were unusual men and were both prominent in California history, Colton as a wise, able and efficient dictator of Monterey during its transition period from Mexican to American rule, and Semple as a leading figure in the Bear Flag incident and as President of California's first constitutional convention. Their printing press was an old ramshackle affair that had been used by the padres on occasion in their church work. In his dairy, written at the time, Colton says: "Though small in dimensions, our first number is as full of news as a black walnut is of meat. We have received by couriers, during the week, intelligence from all the important military posts through the territory. Very little of this has transpired; it reaches the public for the first time through our sheet. We have also the declaration of war between the United States and Mexico, with an abstract of the debate in the Senate. A crowd was waiting when the first sheet was thrown from the press. It produced quite a little sensation. Never was a bank run upon harder; not, however, by people with paper to get specie, but exactly the reverse. One-half of the paper is in English, the other in Spanish." They issued their little paper every Saturday, filled with news that came by local courier or by sailing vessels that had rounded Cape Horn. Today, the

Monterey Daily Herald, through the Associated Press and other news gathering agencies, lays before its readers the news of the world that comes over the whispering wires or through the wireless ether from the remotest parts of earth.

California's first hotel was at Monterey. It was called the "Washington" and it sheltered the delegates to the constitutional convention in 1849. "It was here," as Mrs. Anna Geil Andresen tells us, "that our first organic law in its making was discussed over rich and rare vintages, to be finally put in shape at Colton Hall."

And so the list of "first things" and of historically interesting things might be run out at considerable length. There was California's first frame house, erected in 1847 by William Bushton, an Australian, the house itself being brought in sections by way of Cape Horn. There, on



Houston Street, is still preserved the first California home of Robert Louis Stevenson, where he lived with his friend Simoneau and next door to which lived "the little doctor and his little wife," so frequently and so lovingly referred to by the author of "Treasure Island." It was California's first military post. It was the first county seat of a county created by California's first legislature by the Act of February 18, 1850—seven months before California was admitted to the Union. There is the granite cross, where stood the Vizcaino Oak; there the Serra monument that marks the landing place of the great padre on that memorable day in 1770. The Sloat monument commemorates the first American military occupation of California. And so lengthens out the list of Monterey's historic landmarks. But probably the most interesting of all are the old Spanish homes with their red tiled roofs, weathered and moss grown, their flower tangled patios hidden behind high walls, on streets that follow at times the irregular course of century old bridle paths. Here may still be seen the Munras home, the first pretentious dwelling in Monterey, built by Don Esteban Munras of Barcelona, Spain, and now presided over by a granddaughter of Don Esteban; the Obrego home, where the most prominent and distinguished visitors to Monterey were entertained; the Pacheco home, built by Don Francisco Perez Pacheco, a wealthy land owner; the Amesti home, built by Don Jose Amesti, Spanish born, whose wife was a sister of General Vallejo; the

Soberanes home, built by General Vallejo's father, later coming into the ownership of the Soberanes, a distinguished Spanish family. These are typical of those old Spanish homes whose hospitable standards are still reflected in the social atmosphere of this delightful old town.

Just outside Monterey's eastern gate is the world renowned Del Monte and the equally famous Del Monte grounds, where the world's pleasure seekers gather throughout the year, and where one may wander amid the beauties of garden and grove. Here, in a natural park of unusual beauty, for whose adornment a world-wide arboreal and horticultural tribute was levied, the genius of man and a bountiful nature have conspired to produce a veritable fairyland.

Out in the harbor into which Vizcaino sailed in 1602, and where, from the deck of his flagship, Commodore Sloat saw the Stars and Stripes flung to the breeze over the old Custom House in 1846, lies each day

the fishing fleet of small boats, "slumbering in the sun." With evening these boats, manned by jolly, rubber booted and flannel shirted fishermen, will put silently out to sea in the light of a friendly moon, to return rich laden in the coming dawn.

Oceanward lies that wonderful peninsula playground that stretches from Pebble Beach to the heights of Del Monte Forest. Through this forest wound those olden trails over which the padres led the ceremonial processions—past rustic stations of the cross—from the provincial capital of Monterey to the Mother Mission of Carmel. Few are the changes that have been wrought in these wooded heights, save for winding roads and bridle paths that lead through their shadowy depths. Deer and elk find there a safe haven, while an occasional fox or coyote is surprised by the passing horseman or the sightseeing motorist.

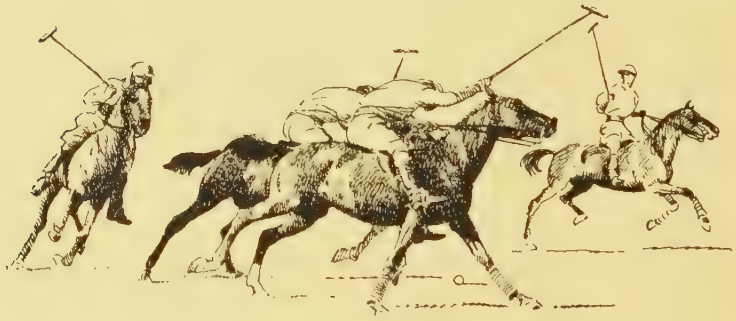
From vantage points on the higher levels, where the

road or trail emerges from the forest to skirt some elbow or promontory, views of surpassing beauty are obtained. Yonder is the crescent shore of that incomparable bay whose miles of sweeping curve stretch out to Santa Cruz in the hazy distance. Here are the white beaches that Carmel so jealously guards, neighboring the famous Pebble Beach whose fascination lures the childish fancy and invites the serious study of the inquiring mind. There jutting headlands and rocky cliffs are half hidden by ancient cypress groves and enriched by the emerald beauty of the Monterey pine. Eastward the Gabilan Mountains tower above the valley of the Salinas, while westward the Pacific stretches in liquid miles to far Cathay. Below us, from ocean shore to forest heights, we have a panoramic view of this peninsula playground. The scene, at first bewildering, gradually becomes clearer,

MIDWAY POINT

and golf courses, tennis courts, polo fields, and other evidences of ourdoor play, can readily be distinguished from the carefully brushed lawns and perfumed garden stretches that lend their fascinating beauty to this extraordinary picture. And, as our gaze continues, further details appear. Studding the hills that slope gently upward from the beach, perched upon bold headlands rising from the sea, half hidden in ancient groves of pine and cypress, are quaint, charming and imposing structures that seem like Spanish jewels in a setting of dark jade.

Happily, those who planned and wrought the more recent changes in this delightful playground sensed the charm of the old Spanish days, and were guided in their work by a desire to preserve and to continue the fascinating delights of California's romantic period. Of course, there had to be all those outdoor means of pleasure and of recreation that hold such strong American appeal; but the tiled roof and the patio were not for-



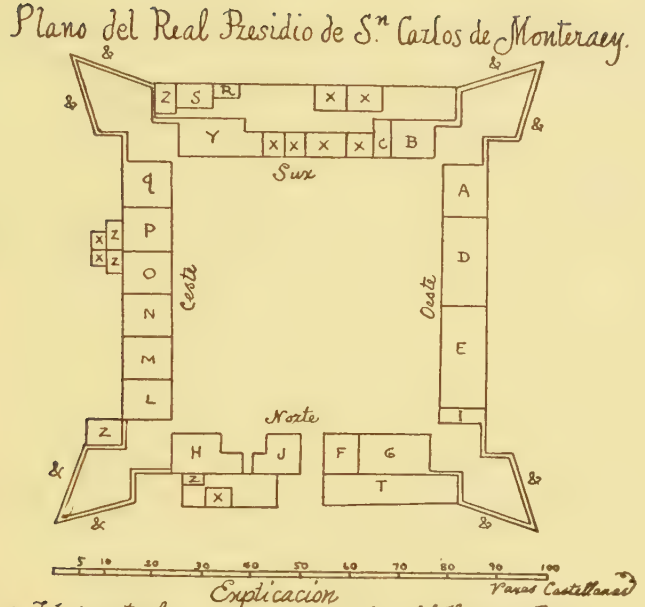
gotten, nor the fountain in the inner court, nor winding trails for cantering horsemen, nor shadowy ravines for picnic and festival.

It is a strange, yet happy, commingling of old and new —of Spanish California and the New Eldorado, of dolce far niente and restless America, of manners reminiscent of the ceremonial Don and customs typical of the western world, of the sweetness and beauty of family and home and the new born pleasures that have multiplied under the open sky.

This rare and unique blending, probably elsewhere without parallel, lends to the Monterey Peninsula a peculiar and an individual charm. Here is the one place in all California where the Arcadian delights of that elder and carefree time have found a refuge from the onslaughts of commercialism; and where American genius has deftly woven into modern life the romantic pleasures of a Latin race.

When "the gringo came" Monterey was not only California's chief city and the provincial seat of government, but it was also the social center of a ceremonious and pleasure loving people. Through nearly a century of time she had, in her isolation, developed those customs, manners and habits, and those delightful outdoor pleasures, that had become a very part of her life and being. When the great epochal change came in 1849, Monterey was shunted to one side. The flood of stirring events that followed the momentous migratory movement inaugurated in that year did not reach the "Old Pacific Capital." The swirl and eddy of feverish activity that fashioned the history of that eventful time left Monterey in the calm waters beyond the compass of the whirlpool's mighty sweep.

Rarely has history disclosed a succession of events that marched with such unerring precision to such a happy destination. International rivalry gave birth to Vizcaino's history making voyage and sent Portola to


Plano del Real Presidio de S.n Carlos de Monterey.
Sur
Oeste
Oeste
Norte
Varas Castellanas
Explicacion
A. Iglesia actual
B. Iglesia nueva
C. Sacristia
D. Quartel de la Tropa de Cuera
E. Quartel de la Partida de Voluntarios
F. Cuerpo de Guardia
G. Almasen del Presidio
H. Almasen del Rey
Y. Almasen de la Mission
J. Vivienda del Oficial
K. Vivienda de los R.mos Missioneros.
L. Herrexia y Fragua
M. Carpintexia
N. Casa del Havro de Regna
O. Casa del Luxussano
P. Enfermexia
Q. Casa p.a los Gentiles de visita
R. Hospicio p.a los nuebos Christianos
S. Casa p.a las Mugeres Gentiles
T. Corral para las Gallinas
V. Chiqueros de Cerdos
X. Cosinas en General
I. Casa de la Hexam.ta del cuydo de Cuera
Z. Lugares Comunes.
&. Troneras

Plan of the Royal Presidio of San Carlos of Monterey.
Scale—Castilian Varas.
Explanation.

A. Present Church.
B. New Church.
C. Sacristy.
D. Quarters of the Cuera troop.
E. Quarters of the Volunteer detail.
F. Guard House.
G. Presidio Warehouse.
H. Warehouse of the King.
Y. Mission Warehouse.
J. Officers' quarters.
K. Missionaries' quarters.
L. Smithy and forge.
M. Carpenter shop.
N.
O. Surgeon's house.
P. Infirmary.
Q. House for transient Gentiles.
R. Hospice for new Christians.
S. House for Gentile women.
T. Chicken yard.
V. Pig pens.
X. Kitchens in general.
I. House for agricultural implements.
Z. Privy-houses.
&. Embrasures.

rediscover the Harbor of Monterey. The genius and unflagging zeal of Serra wrought the miracle that converted suspicious pagans into friendly Christian converts. The skill and daring of Anza blazed the historic trail through desert sands and mountain snows that brought to this far off frontier its early settlers with their small droves of horses, cattle and sheep that multiplied in California with such astounding rapidity. The Spaniard brought his love of home and family, his love of outdoor life, his love of spirited adventure, his love of gay and joyous pleasure, and his love of colorful dress and polite and ceremonious customs.

Soon the Anza trail was closed, the curtain was rung down on California and, in her distant isolation, she began the weaving of that unique and dramatic story that has no parallel in the romance of history. In this great drama, running through three centuries of time and concluding with the transformation of a Mexican province into an American commonwealth, the Monterey Peninsula was the stage upon which the drama was enacted. Here the drama was unfolded; here the principal actors played their parts; here the curtain rose and fell upon the successive scenes that wove themselvs into a great historic romance; and here, at Colton Hall, the curtain rose upon the final scene that disclosed our own beautiful and glorious California.

And here, in all the witchery and beauty of that elder time, still abides that peculiar charm that captivated Vizcaino and made glad the heart of Serra; that

prompted the pleasure loving Spaniard to establish here the capital of his new found empire and to make it a social and a ceremonial center; that marked the halcyon days of dolce far niente and sped the ardent wooing of the cavalier; and that weaves today its magic spell about the happy dwellers in this enchanted playground.

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MAR PACIFICO
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2da Cruz
Laguna Salina
PUERT
Pta de Cabr
Robl de Visc
Presidio y Pueblo de Monte Rey
San de Capilla Real
Pta Ciprés
Monte cerrado de Pinos
Pta de Pescaderos
Prima Cruz
M. San Carlos
Pta de Lobos

DE MONTE REY
Rumbo las Mis.s S.Fran.co
S.Anto
NORTE
OESTE
ESTE
SUD
Camino Real
Esta Carta
mueſtra la Peninſula de
Monte Rey en la Alta
Califa con su famoso Puer-
to y Preſidio ... y la Mission
San Carlos, fundada cerca del
Rio Carmelo por el V.P. Fr.
Junipero Serra A. 1771
El Rio Carmelo
Sierra de Santa Lucia.